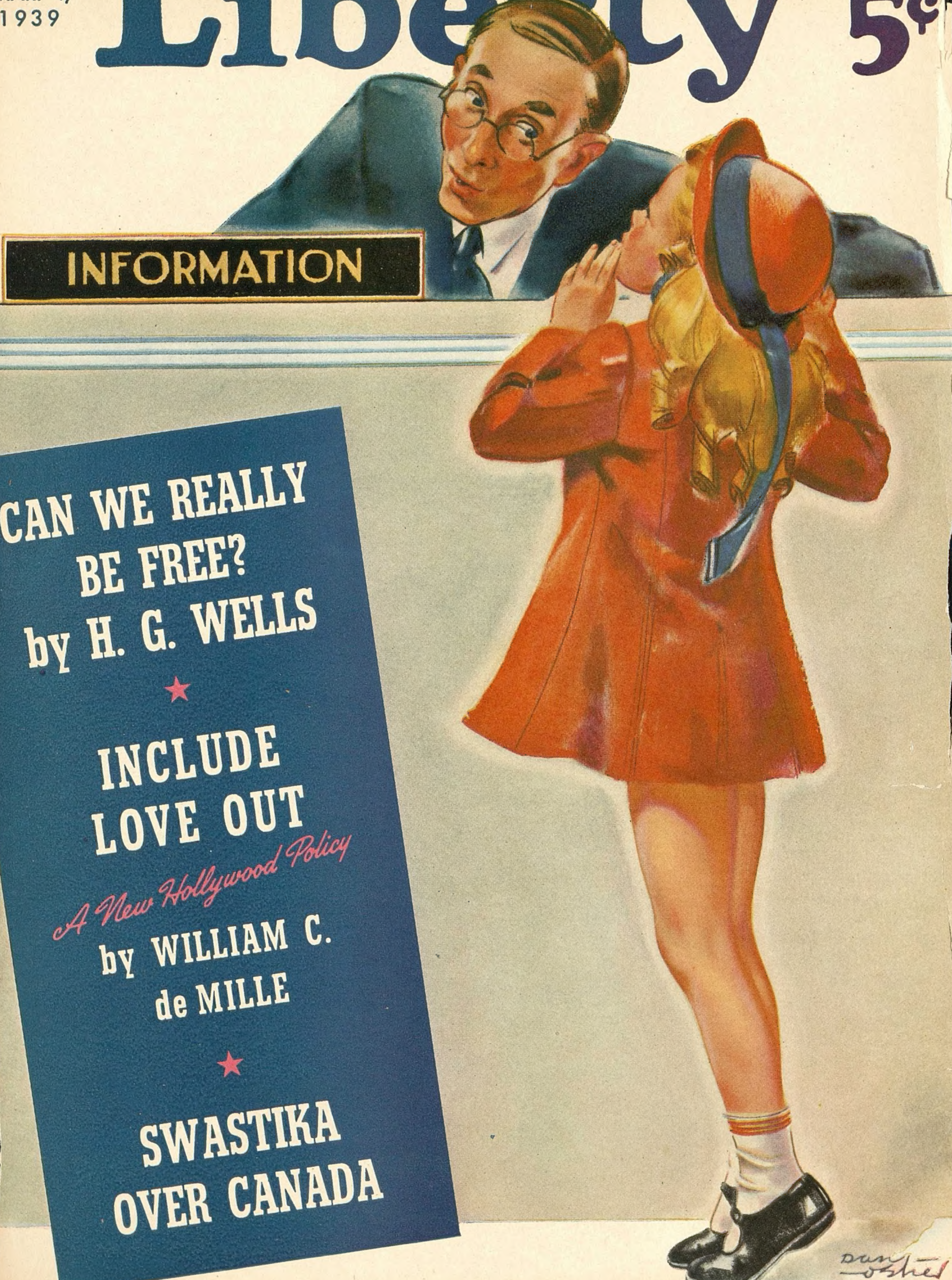
MAR. 4,
1939

Liberty

5¢



CAN WE REALLY BE FREE?

by H. G. WELLS

★

INCLUDE LOVE OUT

A New Hollywood Policy

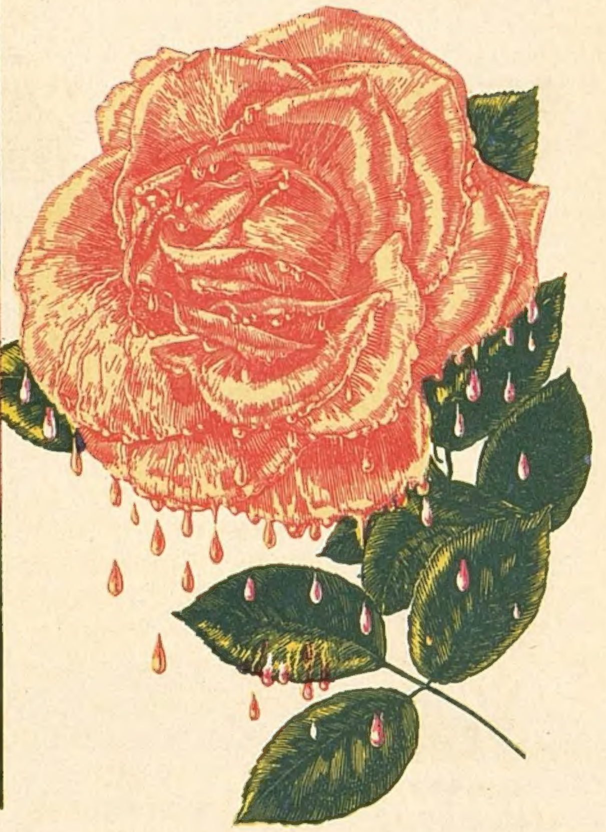
by WILLIAM C. de MILLE

★

SWASTIKA OVER CANADA

THE ROSE TEST

Dip a rose into two inches of water in an ordinary glass. Remove, and see how the waxy film has repelled most of the water. Then add a little Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam to the water and dip the rose again. Now remove it; you will note that every petal is covered with water; Luster-Foam has surged into tiny pits and cracks on the petal surface in a way impossible with water alone. On the teeth, Luster-Foam acts similarly, foaming into tiny pits, cracks, and fissures on the enamel, where so much decay starts.



Told on the petals of a rose

THE MAGIC TALE OF HOW LUSTER-FOAM GETS TEETH SUPER-CLEAN

($C_{14}H_{27}O_5SNa$)

THE simple little experiment outlined above, we believe, will convince you that Luster-Foam detergent, in the new formula Listerine Tooth Paste, is indeed a remarkable dental discovery . . . the modern, dainty aid to lovelier, more lustrous teeth, which you should be using.

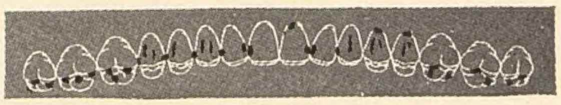
It gives you a close-up of Luster-Foam detergent in action . . . makes it easier for you to comprehend how amazingly it cleanses your teeth, reveals its astonishing power to spread into danger zones of decay.

You readily understand how this super-wetting agent, as Science calls Luster-Foam, surges into neglected, hard-to-reach areas that even water alone may not enter, and gets after tiny defects on teeth enamel, where some authorities state more than 75% of decay starts. (See chart to right.)

The Luster-Foam "Bubble Bath"

Energized into a dainty "bubble bath" at the first touch of brush and saliva, Luster-Foam gets to these danger zones. Meanwhile it attacks those oily food films which hold fresh stains, foster decay, and make the enamel dull. At the same time, Luster-Foam aids in preventing dangerous acid ferments that attack enamel.

Is it any wonder that this new tooth paste is winning thousands of friends every day? See why yourself. Your drug counter has it in two economical sizes: Regular 25¢, and big, double-size at 40¢.



TYPICAL DANGER ZONES
WHERE SOME AUTHORITIES ESTIMATE
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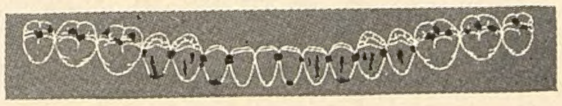

Tiny pits, cracks, and fissures in these danger zones are breeding spots of decay. A study of 12,753 persons showed that most of it is centered in the bicuspids and molars, although other teeth showed a substantial amount.

Listerine Tooth Paste supercharged with Luster-Foam was created to get at these vulnerable areas, so often neglected and so hard to reach.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

THE NEW FORMULA

NEW
DOUBLE SIZE
LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE
Tested and Approved
4602
Good Housekeeping Bureau
Conducted by Good Housekeeping Magazine

SALE

~~90¢~~ VALUE BOTH FOR 59¢

40¢ tube of New Listerine Tooth Paste. Contains more than ¼ pound.

50¢ Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. Famous Tuft helps clean back teeth better.

AT DRUG COUNTERS NOW!

NEW
LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE
DOUBLE SIZE
Pro-phy-lac-tic

MARCH 4, 1939 **Liberty** VOL. 16, NO. 9

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

WASTE, WASTE EVERYWHERE—RUINOUS, DESTRUCTIVE, TERRIBLE

BERNARR MACFADDEN

We are an extravagant people. Waste is the order of the day. Colossal expenditures which do not in any way represent stable investments are clearly apparent in many parts of the country.

We are not only facing the cost of this huge unnecessary expense, but the youth of the country has been demoralized, emasculated, by this unnecessary squandering of the nation's wealth.

Relief has been extended in many sections in such a prodigal manner that many families are receiving an income far greater than they ever earned before.

Such imprudent expenditures are bound to end in disaster.

There is only one way to learn the value of money, and that is to be compelled to earn it and to save it for future needs or for the building up of a fund for carrying out plans for living a life of achievement.

And when we realize that the billions of dollars spent by the Washington government in the last few years have been handled by men who have had little or no experience in building fortunes of their own, you can well realize the costly errors that must have been made with such amateurs in charge.

Previous to the President's election to his high office he very clearly indicated that relief should be in the hands of the officials of each state. There was no thought at that time that billions would be donated by Congress to be spent at the President's dictation.

There is only one intelligent procedure in handling relief with a reasonable degree of economy. Local communities should have entire charge of relief expenditures, and the officials who are handling this money should not be paid employees; their services should be donated . . . they should work because of their interest in feeding the hungry . . . they should give their services to the needy, and every dollar spent should be devoted to the purpose for which it was donated.

If such a procedure had been adopted, the amount of money spent for relief would probably have been reduced by 50 or 75 per cent.

In some sections of this country, although there may be hundreds of thousands of unemployed, jobs often go begging and farmers and industrialists are unable to secure workers because of the competition of charity jobs and the dole. Such a situation is indeed a scandalous disgrace. There are no words in the English language which would properly describe the deplorable character of such lack of intelligence on the part of our officials managing relief expenditures.

And we will have to pay for this prodigious waste . . . this imprudent squandering of governmental finances. . . . We are paying for it at the present time in a manner that has aroused caustic criticism. And when we realize that the Washington government at the present time is spending twice as much as it receives . . . that it is going deeper into debt at the rate of millions of dollars a day, we have good reason for being appalled at this prodigious expenditure of public money.

Waste, waste everywhere! We have good reason for believing that it is ruinous, destructive, terrible.

The average citizen who is looking to the future . . . who wants stability for his own future and that of his dependents . . . who wants to see his children's and his children's children's future stabilized . . . he indeed has cause for wondering what the future may bring.

In former generations extravagance was branded as a source of certain disaster. Perhaps we may have scrimped and saved to such an extent that the lives of some people were cramped into a dull, stupid routine. There is such a thing as being too stingy. Although such a policy might narrow our field of endeavor, cramp our lives, create an unpleasant, unhappy outlook, the other extreme means disaster not only individually but nationally.

Bernarr Macfadden

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 58

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SWASTIKA OVER CANADA

The Nazi menace at our door! A startling revelation of what is happening—and what may come

BY "ENVOY"

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

"WE are on our guard!" declared Colonel S. T. Wood, Commissioner of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

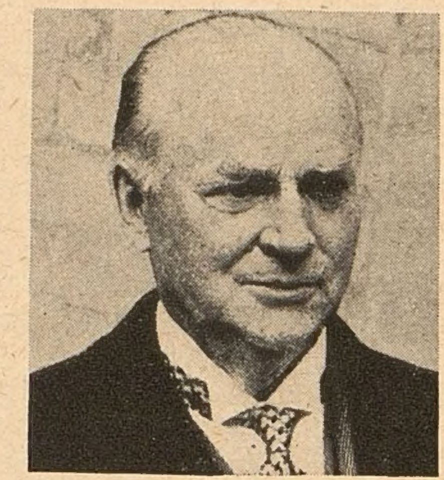
"We are damned well on our guard!" said Ian Mackenzie next day. He is the energetic Minister of National Defense of the Dominion Government.

"We cannot be watchful enough," says the Right Hon. R. B. Bennett, former Dominion Premier and retired Conservative leader. He is "Canada's Grand Old Man," the conscience of his country.

Against what are police and government on guard?

Fascism! Two indigenous rival parties and the emissaries of three foreign governments—the Japanese, the Italian, and the German—are working toward a common end in Canada: the destruction of democracy.

Nowhere on the American continent is democracy being subjected to more virulent attacks. Canada has come to occupy a key position not only on this continent but in the British Empire. How closely knit are the interests of the United States and Canada was recently illustrated by the investigation of the German spy ring. Washington G-men and Canadian Mounties worked together on the case.



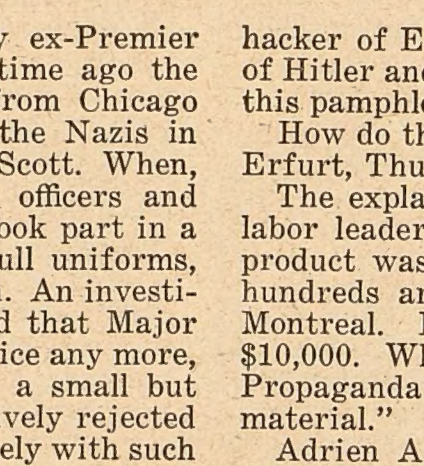
Says R. B. Bennett: "We cannot be watchful enough!"

Another case was recently disclosed by ex-Premier Bennett, who had ascertained that some time ago the Nazis had smuggled a complete arsenal from Chicago into Canada. The military instructor of the Nazis in Canada is a retired major by the name of Scott. When, a few months ago, six noncommissioned officers and privates of the Royal Canadian Artillery took part in a Nazi meeting in Toronto, wearing their full uniforms, there was a tremendous wave of indignation. An investigation was immediately started. It showed that Major Scott had no connection with the active service any more, and—of course—that the Canadian army, a small but extraordinarily well disciplined body, decisively rejected anything which might connect it even remotely with such mortal enemies of the British Empire.

The government at Ottawa is of the opinion that Japanese attempts on the Pacific Coast constitute the most serious espionage problem, for they do not end with sending "fishing boats" to Vancouver. They distribute hundreds of thousands of copies of Japanese propaganda literature to every one whose name can be found in any telephone book. Most intensively circulated is a small pamphlet bearing the title Why? Who? How? Questions and Answers on the Sino-Japanese Conflict, and purporting to be published by the Foreign Affairs Association of Japan. Needless to say, its "answers" put every bit of the blame for everything on China—for the benefit of the public of a market that Japan's dumping-ground export trade is trying hard to conquer.

Another pamphlet mailed throughout Canada in thousands of copies, and designed for American household consumption also, is a collection of excerpts from Japanese speeches and articles. Most noteworthy among the voices here united in propaganda is that of Viscount Konoye, brother of the erstwhile Premier of Japan, who upon returning from a visit to California attributed the unpopularity of the Japanese there to the failure of their propaganda.

Says Mounties' Commissioner Wood: "We are on guard!"



Naturally, the Germans cannot lag far behind where the Japanese lead. Another publisher, who hides his identity behind "P. O. Box 2290, Montreal, Que." and the rubber stamp of a completely unrecognizable "Ligue Feminine Anti-Communiste de Montreal," floods Canada with a pamphlet that is about the dirtiest rag that has ever appeared in print. It is entitled The Key to the Mystery, and carries this on its front page:

"Humanity is overwhelmed with wars, revolutions, acute crises, waves of unemployment . . . fear and anguish, depressions without precedent. Where from do such evils come? From the English? The French? The Italians? The Americans? The Poles? The Arabs? The Eskimoes? No!"

Of course all evil comes from the Jews. The rousings to pogroms smeared over the other thirty-one pages defy description. The "material" used is not new. I have seen it before—every line of it. The origin is the Weltdienst, a feature service distributed by Lieutenant Colonel Fleischhacker of Erfurt, a retired German officer and intimate of Hitler and Julius Streicher, whose notorious Stuermer this pamphlet tries to emulate.

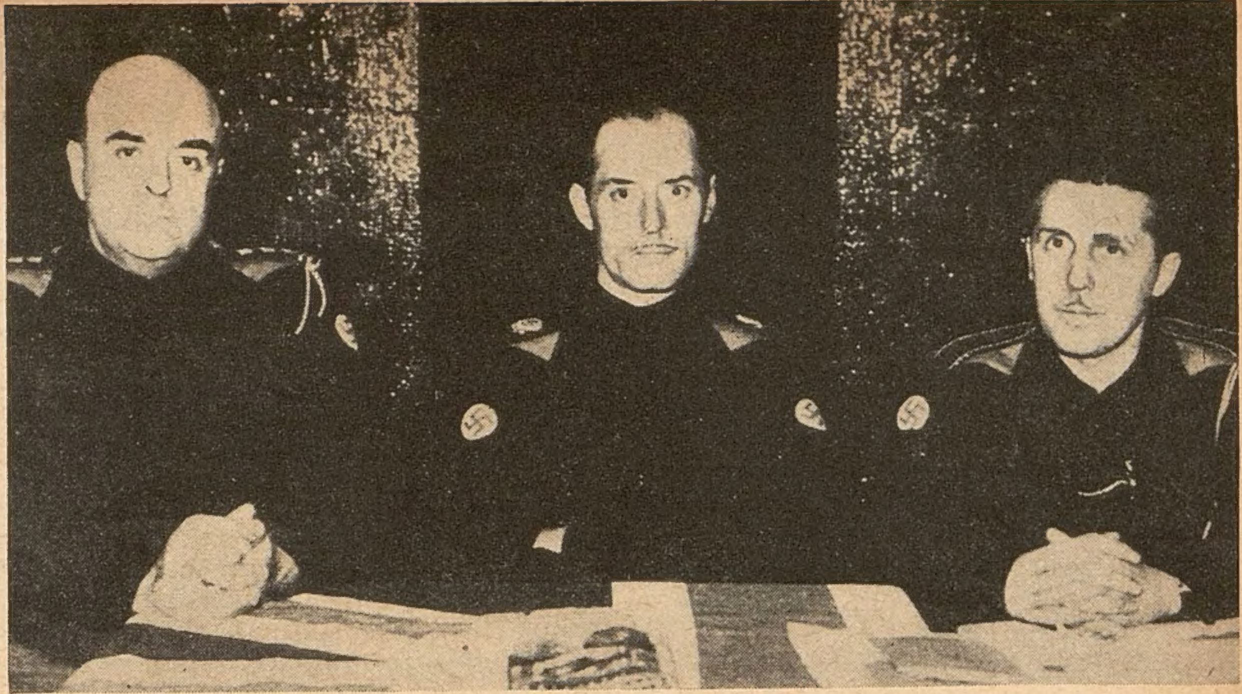
How do the collected works of Fleischhacker get from Erfurt, Thuringia, to Montreal, Quebec?

The explanation advanced by Fred Rose, a Canadian labor leader, is most illuminating: "This race-hating product was published in both English and French in hundreds and thousands of copies. It was printed in Montreal. Publication costs amounted to more than $10,000. Who supplied the money? The Nazi Foreign Propaganda Office supplied almost 75 per cent of the material."

Adrien Arcand is the would-be Hitler of Canada. I went all the way to Kingston, Ontario, where the Fascist Party was supposed to be holding its annual convention, especially to meet him. But, although Kingston is a relatively small community, the Fascists could not be found. Of course they had every reason to hide, since the mayor had declared them "unwelcome visitors" and announced that he would not permit them to parade or hold one meeting. A circular letter sent by the Fascists to the Jews of Kingston advising them to leave town before the convention assembled had so enraged the whole community that there would have been rioting, and even perhaps bloodshed, had they shown themselves.

This Kingston convention, however, accomplished the founding of the National Unity Party, forging into one organization most of the rival Nazi and Fascist groups of the country. Only Fred Patterson's group, the Canadian Guard, has held itself aloof from this union. Patterson claims that Arcand is "too extreme." Nor does Patterson subscribe to anti-Semitism. Now Arcand's Nazis and Patterson's Fascists are locked in a death struggle.

Nazi-Fascist promoters. Left to right: Major J. M. Scott, military instructor; Adrien Arcand, "would-be Hitler"; Joseph Farr.



The convention also dispatched a message of loyalty to the Governor General, selected the flaming torch as the party emblem, and formulated a new program — taken bodily from Hitler's "twenty-three unchangeable points." The message of loyalty is unanswered. Nor was the selection of the party emblem very fortunate. The flaming torch is and has always been the emblem of Canada's veterans of the World War, whose spokesman immediately warned the Nazi-Fascists not to wear it if they knew what was good for them. They have heeded the warning.

The Arcandian meetings are orgies of optimism. Speakers declare that the "totalitarian power"—note the Hitlerian expression—will be won in three years. Arcand promises that he "will reconquer Canada from the Red clutches of Moscow and international Jewry."

True, this arrant Hitler-parroting nonsense has found some few listeners—youthful ones. In Quebec, groups of students have smashed Jewish shopwindows. In Toronto they even tried to burn a synagogue.

Of course all this has nothing to do with Canadian politics, and the police of the cities can easily cope with it. They deserve high praise. In Toronto I attended one of Arcand's meetings. So did 1,500 others, the most he has ever been able to assemble. The same evening there were three anti-Fascist meetings in town—total attendance, 15,000. Their guest speaker, Dr. Dodd, the former United States ambassador to Berlin, was cheered and cheered. Indignation against Fascists boiled up when word got around that a note threatening death had been sent to his hotel. Yet the police kept control.

How big is the Canadian Nazi-Fascist movement, and what are its prospects? Who are really behind it?

For figures one must rely on the party itself. Joseph Farr, national organizer, estimates that it has 23,000 members in Ontario alone. He and his friends have announced that they will try for governing power in the next election. The National Unity Party claims 150,000 registered party members throughout the Dominion. Undoubtedly these figures are grossly exaggerated. But the fact remains that the Canadian electorate seems to some extent to be breaking away from the two traditional parties, and that a third front has a greater chance of success now than ever before.

On the other hand, the consciousness of democracy is much too strong in the Canadian people to permit any totalitarianism to be particularly attractive.

Who are really behind the movement?

For the time being, many of the real leaders think it advisable to do their leading anonymously. But some of them are known. Besides leader Adrien Arcand and organizer Joseph Farr, there are military Chief of Staff Major Scott, Dr. G. Lambert of Montreal, I. Clement, who is secretary of the Eastern Division, with headquarters in Montreal, and W. Whittaker of Winnipeg.

The movement is honeycombed with foreign agents. Chief among these is Karl Gerhardt, Nazi number one. He claims to be a German journalist. He is looked upon as Hitler's confidant and is known to have a close though unofficial connection with the German consular service. He is a Canadian citizen. Ex-Premier Bennett, however, has declared he can prove that Gerhardt never was entitled to Canadian citizenship.

All Canada regards the present German consular service with suspicion. This is why the Dominion government has repeatedly refused Germany's offer to advance the consulates to embassies. A probe has been launched into the connections between accredited official German agencies and sabotage and espionage activities. Again it was Bennett who pointed out the danger.

Both consulates and masquerading Gestapo agents are particularly keenly after the 600,000 Canadians of German extraction. Constant attempts are being made to bring these into the fighting line for Nazi purposes. The experience of Adam Sharrer of Sudbury is an example. He is one of the few Nazi sympathizers among German-Canadians. On a visit to the Fatherland, he was arrested and jailed, accused of having had published an anti-Hitler article in a small Canadian newspaper. He had a hard time proving that another man named Adam Sharrer had written the piece. He is now back in Canada—and will think twice before he visits the Fatherland again.

A German-Canadian living in Kitchener, Ontario, actually did attack Hitler in print as well as by word of mouth. He received a letter from the consul of the Third Reich warning him that unless he ceased his activities his parents in Germany would suffer the consequences. He read the letter before a public meeting. Two weeks later he had word from Germany that his parents had been "admitted" to a concentration camp.

The Nazi center of activity is the Deutsche Bund headquarters in Montreal, controlled by the Montreal Consulate of the German Reich. There are branches of the Bund in every large Canadian city. It maintains its own schools in Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, and Kitchener. Children are taught not only the German language but the German greeting, the Hitler greeting, and the Nazi tenets. Their education is completed in the big camps near Winnipeg and Montreal.

Members of the Bund are pledged to employ as many Germans—that is to say, Nazis—as possible, and to express preference for them as co-workers. They are to purchase only German merchandise. They must send their children to German schools wherever possible and see to it that only genuine party comrades are employed as teachers for them. And so on—and on. These regulations are published in Winnipeg as the main props of the "Four-Year Plan" under which the Bund hopes to penetrate the political life of the Dominion.

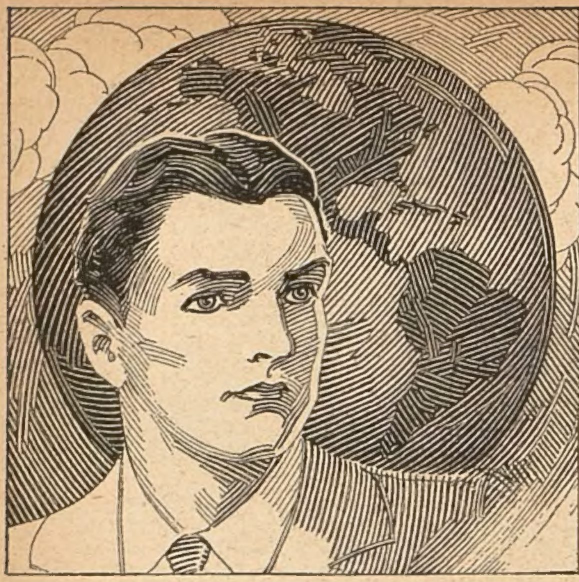
Naturally, Fascism cannot afford to lag behind. Nowhere is hate against England preached more openly than in Montreal's Casa d'Italia, the seat of the Canadian Fascio, whose official publication L'Italie Nuova attempts to influence all Canadians, and regularly publishes French and English sections attacking the Empire.

The real mouthpiece of the united, yet split, Fascist movements is a publication in French—L'Illustration Nouvelle, printed in Montreal and edited by Arcand. Its foreign editor is Mario Duliani, an intimate of the Montreal Italian consul. Its specialty is its perpetual attacks against the United States, especially anent the projected commercial treaty between our two countries.

One cannot argue with a Nazi-Fascist. They are not capable of argument. It is their job to propagandize, that harmony on this continent may be disturbed.

THE END

CAN WE REALLY



READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

Does youth face widening horizons? A philosopher surveys a changing world

I HAVE long been discontented with the classifications we use in the discussion of social and political affairs. I think they put us fatally askew upon many important issues. We talk of social classes as though our community were made of strata like a Neapolitan ice, and as if each stratum had its distinctive motives and activities. We all do it, left and right alike. The whole of Communist thought, for instance, is based on the idea of an inveterate class war; and the duller English country houses and the Anglican vicarages at the other end of the scale are just as bad, with their notions about "the middle and lower classes."

The persons who belong to these different classes are believed to think differently and react differently because of some intrinsic differences that distinguish them. People are silk and must be taken care of, or they are linen or cotton or shoddy, meant for rough usage. This is our view, whether we are Americans or English or any sort of European. It may take the form of an angry rebellion against silk, a rather strained sneering at silk or a silky pretentiousness, but it is there.

Like everybody else in my time, I was trained to an habitual belief in this class system; I resented it bitterly but I accepted it as a basic reality. I expressed my resentment by being republican and revolutionary, but my idea was simply to obliterate the royal family and the "upper classes" for the release of the honest, simple worth of my own sort. I thought of America as different. As a boy I believed America to be a paradise of such low-class English as myself—an idea that would have infuriated many genteel Americans extremely. And still, in spite of Gone with the Wind and "Southern gentleman" stuff of that sort, I think the Americans are different and the American common man is ahead of any Europeans in the obliteration of the class delusion.

It took me many years to realize that this social stratification is not a real classification at all; that even as a working convention it is wearing thin and giving no results; that it leads, indeed, to endless misconceptions of social and political processes; and that the real drives and divisions of the social structure are getting more and more away even from the shadows of that horizontal arrangement. The longer I live the plainer this grows. These classes, once apparently permanent, are shifting and dissolving like fog banks as the wind rises.

Down to the late eighteenth century, before the resounding crack of the French Revolution, these conventions of class had, I admit, the practical effect of realities. Material inventions had hardly begun then to dislocate the old order. Precisely similar babies could be treated so as to produce well fed, well grown, fine, careless ladies and gentlemen, or they could be given a shrewd education in piety, parsimony, and acquisition as bourgeoisie, or, again, subjected to malnutrition, undernutrition, and organized ignorance in insanitary hovels, and so early broken in to work for the sake of work. The upper class, the middle class, the working class meant real differences, although produced by social arrangement. You could talk then with some significance of the balance and conflict of classes.

That old tradition still leaves its traces upon our world. Even today, lower-class people in any community are slightly smaller, shorter-lived, and more basely miseducated than their "betters." But, as the mechanical and intellectual revolution of the past century had made toil a drug instead of a fundamental need in the market, these time-honored social distinctions have become more and more plainly inapplicable and misleading. The class war is evaporating. It becomes plain to the social biologist that he has to look for quite a fresh method of distinguishing what one may call the operating ingredients of the fermenting human mass.

In his analysis of the human interplay, it is age classes that seem likely to supersede these outworn social classifications. He is coming to realize that, though you may mold a baby to this sort of class behavior or that, you cannot make adolescents behave like men or women in the "prime of life," nor these, again, like the relatively increasing class of sexagenarians. There is more in common between a peer's son, a shopkeeper's son, and a miner's son than there is between any one of them and his father. They are now all about as badly educated. They all have the same scrappy reading. They know more and more about each other, and there is no longer the same wide contrast in their physical development. If they have not the same ideas about life, they have parallel ideas, and the parallels become closer. They can change places with less and less difficulty. The old antagonisms vanish. You can find Fascists or Communists or Conservatives or Liberals among the young men of any of the old classes.

This shifting of attention from social classes to age classes has already revolutionized ideas about population. The birth rate used to be stated in terms of the gross total of a class or country. One used to speak of a birth rate of so many per thousand, one used to deduct the death rate and talk of the effective increase of population. But in a population or a class with a large and increasing proportion of old people, due to increasing longevity, a preponderance of birth rate over death rate might mean a much greater fertility than the same preponderance in a shorter-lived class or community. In the former case there would be a larger number of elderly people counted in that thousand, and the children would be the output of a smaller number of actual and potential mothers than in the latter. And again, in a population where the mortality among children is exceptionally high or exceptionally low, a greater or lesser proportion of that thousand will consist of individuals too young for parenthood.

If, however, we concentrate on a definite age and sex stratum—that is to say, on the mothers—if the number of births is counted against the number of actual and potential mothers in a community, population statistics take on an entirely new significance. An analysis of the population of western Europe and America upon these revised lines reveals the approach of a rapid and hitherto unanticipated decline in all social classes. It blows a lot of rubbish about "the rapid multiplication of the unfit" sky-high.

It is gradually dawning upon us that in the treatment and behavior of the young people—and, except in the matter of the birth rate, chiefly of the young men—is to be found a hitherto neglected determining factor, and probably the most decisive factor, in the history of nations. A revision of the history of any particular period in the light of the question, What at this time did they make of their ripening sons and daughters? would give us a far clearer understanding of historical processes than our present treatment of events as a drama of dynasties, heroes, ambitions,

BE FREE ?

BY

H. G. WELLS

movements, provincialisms, parties, class struggles, religions, industries, and so forth. Such things are the masks and costumes rather than the living stuff upon the stage. You can only understand properly why certain classes and states stand full and erect in one period and then collapse in another if you understand how human energy in the form of youth flows and ebbs in them.

The age stratum centering upon the troublesome twenties is, I maintain, the essential power in history. The treatment of the age classes before adolescence, the stratum under tutelage, may be more important in the long run, but in themselves these junior cadets are plastic and controllable and passive. And similarly that part of the population which is middle-aged or older—and this is now an increasing element—may be much wiser and more experienced than either of the other sections, but it is totally lacking in that impatient urgency, that capacity for hopeful enterprise, and those possibilities of combination, readjustment, and solidarities, which the vital middle section displays to such an extravagant degree. If that stratum is, as a stratum, given hope, if it is given a fair prospect of satisfactory careers, if it is given sufficiently interesting employment of a reasonably exacting sort, the state may hope to remain in equilibrium. If it is not, the state will be certain to experience destructive stresses.

In the past, whenever there has been a community able to give any young man land and a wife, it has received crops and offspring in return and it has got along without any major disturbance. Both the United States and China in the past have known considerable periods of peace and social stability. They had open frontiers. When a community has had no more land to give to its young men, then it has made war on its neighbors and relieved the tension of its excess of cadets partly by killing them off and partly by settling them in acquired territory, or else it has been able to send emigrants overseas and found colonies. For thousands of years of human history, war and the warpath, or migration or emigration, have been the natural rough readjustments of human communities. Individual states have risen or fallen, but the general system of tribes and nations has got along well enough for the superficial classification of society by function to pass muster; to acquire, as we have noted, a false air of fundamental reality.

Then suddenly in the past century the mechanical revolution has made war impossibly destructive and steady toil unnecessary, and all over the world the administrator—who is usually a man of the third age class, a trained man inclined to be conservative, to temporize and avoid definite changes—finds himself confronted with a tremendous release of young, impatient, virile energy. "What are we to be?" the tumultuous twenties, the early thirties demand. "What are we to do? What have you got for us?"

That is the basic reality in all the troubles of our time, as the social biologist sees it; and from his point of view there is very little difference between the young Nazi or Fascist, the young Anarchist or Communist, the czarist hooligan, the Chinese Boxer, the fanatic of Japan, the young gangster of any sort. They express themselves in different phrases and different fashions; exactly what they do is largely the result of what happens to be put into their heads; but their essential quality is the same —*insurgence.*

THEY are at war with restrictions they find intolerable; they want elbowroom, personal expression and expansion. Ours is a world of aimless young men, and they are determined to do something, however blindly, about it. They offer opportunity to any sort of adventurous leader who will give them a formula for action. The Fascist is marched off to Abyssinia, to Spain; the Japanese in China massacre and rob; the Nazi wages a war of extermination and plunder upon the Jew; the Russian Communist sweeps away the big property owner and starts a ruthless reorganization of his own undeveloped country. We give the eruption different names, but in every case it is essentially the same excess of force seeking relief, and none of these reliefs can be considered as anything but temporary. British statesmen have looked to dope and social degradation as a protection against unrest. They were the first to resort to a dole, and they have found the diversion of energy to sport and of hopefulness to gambling a helpful relief. They have staved off social trouble for a time, but they are making vast inroads on their accumulated resources, and sooner or later they will find themselves at the end of their palliatives.

Of all the methods of dealing with this advancing social plethora, the most hopeful, on the whole, seems to be the attempt to develop a great system of public works that is going on in America. Many ideas that once seemed fundamentally American have had to be abandoned; but the Americans are a free-speaking community with more operative common sense and experience than any other, and they are working their way to what seems to the social biologist to be the only possible method of utilizing the ever-growing surplus of youthful human energy that a mechanized civilization is releasing, without lapsing into internecine or international warfare, and that is the progressive reconditioning of their entire social organization to a steadily rising standard of life. America seems, on the whole, disposed to deal very boldly with ownership, monetary difficulties, and the like entanglements, if these things are found to obstruct the common-sense solution of this problem. If the system of private-enterprise capitalism cannot employ our young men, and if our money system cannot pay them, Americans seem prepared to say, then let us adopt new methods. Americans now are in a state of rampant and blatant initiative about economic and financial matters. Neither ownership, they believe, nor a balanced budget is the ultimate purpose of life. These are merely the ideas of the senior age class, and in no other country is the conflict of the generations plainer. Few people realize how much more actively revolutionary America is at the present time than Russia.

This, it seems to me, is the present drift of social biology everywhere. This excess of energy in the form of unemployed young men and women—and more particularly of young men—is the cardinal aspect of life now. Even if populations do not go on increasing, there seems no reason for supposing that productive efficiency will not advance, so that relatively this excess is unlikely to disappear. And the alternatives seem to be that either the excess of young man power will find relief in more and more destructive war and racial and social conflict, or that there will be such a steady, continuously accelerated rise in the standard of life, in the general enhancement and beautifying of the world, that this surplus of youth, youth which will not be denied, will be absorbed in continually more interesting creative work. Which path will the world take? I do not know, and that is why I hesitate whether to call the young of the modern community the Dangerous Stratum or the Vital Stratum.

THE END

A fine, stirring tale of romance against odds and a girl who knew what she wanted

READING TIME
20 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

SOFT? It isn't so soft, this business. I can remember when we couldn't afford to run an ad in Variety more than once a month:

LEE, PAGE and NORTON
Light songs, dances and gags

Ben Lee was the head man of our team in those days. He was the head man with Connie Page and me, off the stage and on. Before the act was born, we had been helping to kill vaudeville with an Italian dialect, me and Ben. Then a girl came backstage at some whistle stop in Nebraska and wanted to join us. The girl was Connie.

In her broadcloth blouse and Scotch-plaid skirt, she seemed hardly more than a high-school girl. Ben was trying to act important, like a man of the world. But we had been away from home only six months; and anyhow Ben wasn't old enough to smoke a cigar without coughing.

So he chewed on an unlit cigar, flicking an imaginary ash every so often, as he gave Connie the once-over.

"Let's see your knees, honey," he said.

Connie had been trying to act like a woman of experience, but a frightened look entered her hazel eyes when he said that. She swallowed. She held her feet together primly as she raised her skirt. Her knees were as perfect as most every other part of her. Ben couldn't summon up enough nerve to look. He took a quick glance sideways.

"That's f-fine," he said. "You—you've got a nice pair of gams, honey. Maybe, at that, you'd do as scenery for the act."

Just then a big woman slammed into the office.

"Your father will have something to say about this!" She turned on Ben. "Young man, you ought to be ashamed!"

Ben blushed furiously. When Connie and her mother had left, he let out his breath slowly. "Thomas," he said, "I could use a stiff drink!"

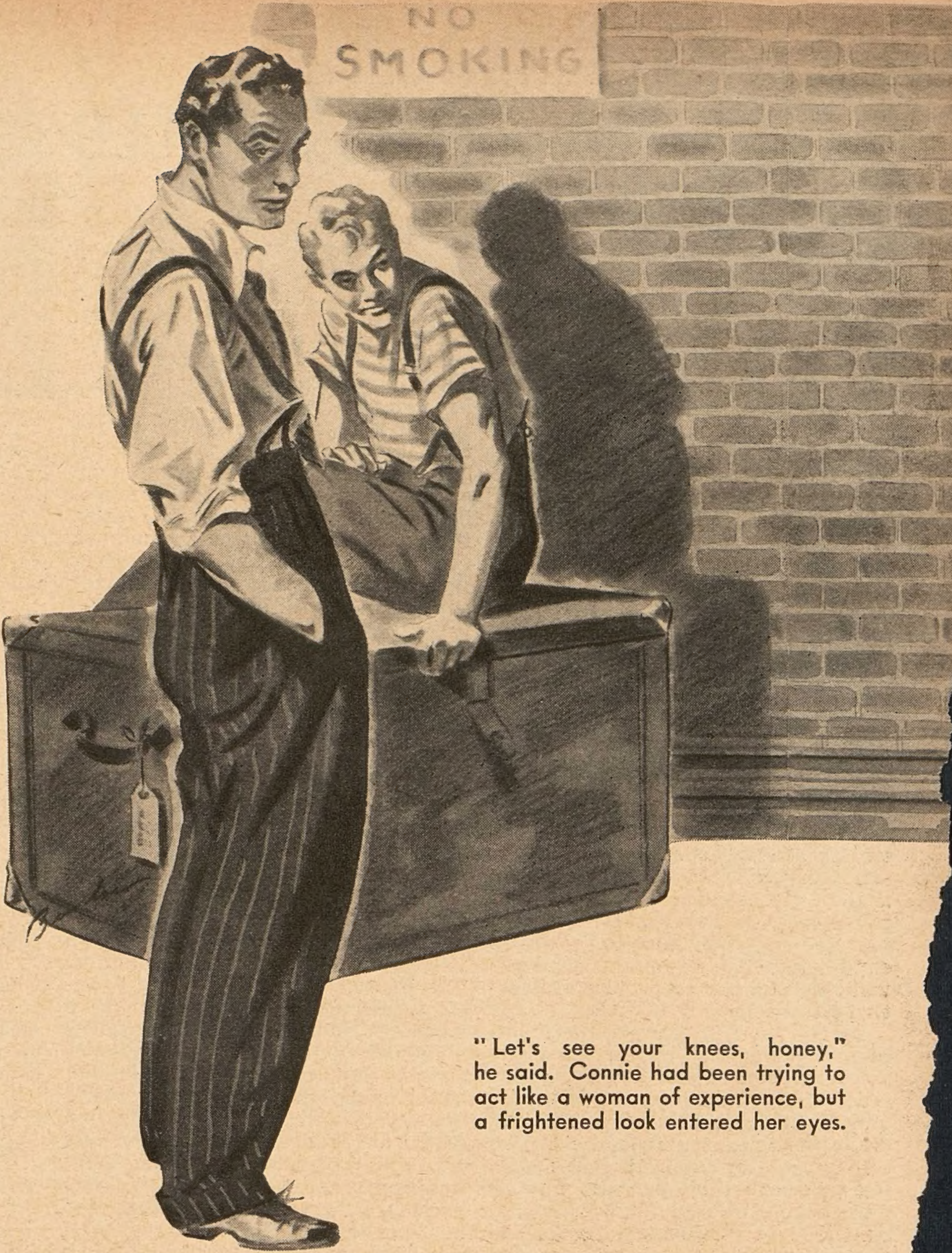
So we each had a beer down the street, and returned to the Eagle Opera House for the evening show.

Connie was waiting for us at our hotel when we finished the last show. She had a coat on now, but no hat. A small valise hid her feet.

"You better go home, honey," Ben advised her. "It's a tough racket."

"I can't go home," Connie said. "I've run away."

"Look, honey," Ben said. "I'd like to have you in our act. We could use a woman. But there's one drawback."



"Let's see your knees, honey," he said. Connie had been trying to act like a woman of experience, but a frightened look entered her eyes.

"Oh, I'll work for next to nothing at first," Connie said.

"That's the drawback, Connie. We work for next to nothing ourselves. Who's going to support you?"

We supported her, that's who. Sometimes, when Connie had the only bed in the room, I had to sleep in the bathtub while Ben made himself comfortable on the floor. But we managed to get by. If we played a banquet, we'd stock our larder for days. Once, at a stag smoker, Connie couldn't get in. We passed food to her out of a window.

All that was good for us, I guess. It gave us a solid sense of values. We grew, and our act grew. I get a nostalgic feeling when I think of the corn-fed routines we had:

"Hello, Connie darling."

"Hello, Mr. Lee."

"I hear that you're a singer."

"Of course; you wanna see?"

Then I'd start her off with a beer-hall vamp on the piano, and Connie would give out about how she felt when Irish eyes were smiling.

She had a nice voice. It was thin at first, but it developed. It wasn't a soft life; not even when we began to get better bookings.

LOVER COME BACK . .

BY DEVERY FREEMAN

Then the golden age of vaudeville became tarnished. That's history. We didn't need a translator to know what the handwriting on the wall meant. Nevertheless we tried to hold together. Ben did that. He was the head man. He wasn't in love with the act, but he was in love with part of it; and that part wasn't me. You couldn't rightly say it was a one-sided romance. Not if you saw the way Connie sewed buttons on Ben's shirts. Loving care.

Connie became a woman, a poised, self-assured woman with hazel eyes and corn-colored hair that reflected light. Ben took on thirty hard pounds. His square jaw showed strength, pride, and confidence.

It wasn't tragic when we broke up. As a matter of fact, we were pretty gay about it. We had picked up some cash that day in a Mardi Gras at West Palm Beach in Florida. Connie had to stand all afternoon on a flower-decorated float while Ben and I knelt beside her, painted like Seminole Indians. In the evening we held counsel in a small restaurant.

" Folks, together we're a flop. Apart, any one of us might click. We're clever, talented—"

" Hear, hear! " Connie cried. There was a sadness deep behind her eyes.

Ben continued slowly: " But the other two of our carefree gypsy troupe might wind up backstage of an eight-ball. To insure against that, we'll make a deal, the three of us. If any one of us finds work, he has to support the other two."

We thought Ben was being whimsical. He was in deadly earnest. The contract would be done up in a businesslike manner. That's how it was done. On paper, in ink. Three copies. We had it witnessed by a notary public.

" Actually," Ben told us then, " there isn't a thing to worry about. I got a telegram from Al Mahin yesterday. He wants me to stooge for him on his radio program."

Can you imagine a guy like that? He had a job all along when he made us sign that agreement.

For two months we lived well on seventy-five dollars a week. Connie kept house for us in a nice little apartment in New York. I worked for a while as a cashier in a drugstore. It didn't last long. Ben was the papa; he brought home the bacon. I think he had reached his peak of happiness right then. He liked to have responsibilities and worry about them.

Pretty soon he had plenty to worry about. We all did. Al Mahin was going to Hollywood for the summer to make a picture. That spelled " unemployed " for Ben.

I ran around in a mad frenzy for two days. Finally I got a tip from Emil Gissing, a Radio City talent agent. The Hobart-Jansen advertising outfit was contemplating a big show. They wanted a singer. Some one not too high-priced; some one they could build up; some one who was pretty, who could be used in tooth-paste advertisements.

Well, Ben wasn't pretty, but I knew of some one who was.

In a week the whole set-up of our little family was changed. Connie's auditions had been successful.

We lived in the same apartment. Our income was still approximately the same. Ben still worried—but now he made a career of worrying. Through the month of June he wore a path from one agency to another.

As Connie's manager I rehearsed her daily, and I was doing a good publicity job for her, if I do say it myself. But Ben had too much free time. That was the trouble. A man with an ambition like his shouldn't have been playing sand-lot baseball with the neighborhood kids in the afternoon. With his pride, he should have had less space between the coins in his pocket. Every once in a while Connie would leave a ten-dollar bill on the dining-room sideboard. Ben never picked it up when we were there.

The effect of those two months marked Connie as deeply as it did Ben. She brooded about him at rehearsals. It almost broke her heart when we would come home early and surprise him cleaning the silverware or playing solitaire.

On the surface we were sitting pretty and having a grand time. But things were bound to come to a head.

AFTER the show on Wednesday night I took Connie home. Ben had prepared a snack. Big roast-beef sandwiches and coffee. We were all hungry as bears.

Ben, an apron tied around his middle, came in from the kitchen. " Coffee, lady? "

" Uh-huh. How'd your team make out today? "

" We beat the pants off those West Ninety-eighth Street kids. I'm quitting, though, because they won't let me be captain." He lifted the coffeepot with a napkin. " Luncheon at Max's Busy Bee. Mr. Ben Lee poured."

He rested his hands on the table and cleared his throat.

" Folks, we are gathered here tonight for a definite purpose. Mr. Ben—himself—Lee has been called back from retirement at the demand of his faithful public. His voice shall once more—"

" You've got a job! " Connie screeched delightedly.

Ben glared at her. " Point killer! Yes, I have a job.

Soon "—his voice became a little less certain—" soon I'm bound for Hollywood, the fairy city where dreams come true."

Connie's grin slowly turned to a look of puzzled disappointment. Any job that would take Ben three thousand miles away from her wasn't a job; it was an ordeal.

"What's the offer?" I asked.

"I don't know exactly. Some agent wants me to come out there and speak to a producer."

Connie said suddenly, "Ben, there's nothing in Hollywood but a lot of weather. Why can't we hold out here? We're making enough to live on in quaint squalor."

"You are."

"We all are. That's our deal." She brightened suddenly. "I don't know why I never thought of it before. Ben, let's get married."

She said it with a smile, but I knew she was serious.

Ben chuckled. "You want me to trade my social position for your ill-gotten gold."

"I mean it, Ben," she said slowly. "Why not? Marry me and I'll have you wearing ermine ear muffs."

"My work comes first," he said with mock dignity. "I've got to wash the dishes now."

Connie rose and took my hand dramatically. "If you won't marry me for myself, then what about him?"

I put my finger in my mouth and lisped, "Daddy!"

Ben came back and folded Connie in his arms. "What a fool I've been! There you sat knitting little baby carriages, and I never suspected. I'll make it up to you—somehow."

"And you'll stop drinking?"

"I'll even stop eating. Everything will be different from now on."

Everything was different. Ben left us the next morning. He called us at the music-publishing house where Connie and I were going over song sheets. He had received a telegram, he said, and he was leaving sooner than he expected. In fact, he was at the depot and his train was about to pull out.

"Take care of Connie till I get back, Thomas."

"Let me talk to him!" Connie cried excitedly.

She couldn't speak for a minute—just listened. But she clutched the phone as if she were holding on to Ben. Finally she found her voice:

"Good luck, Ben—you deserter! Ben—good luck!"

"Aw," I told her later, giving her a handkerchief, "it isn't the end of the world."

"You're right. I'm still alive," she said, almost to herself, "but I feel as if I've just lost half of me."

I knew what she meant.

WE moved to a hotel. We worked. We talked about the old days. For Connie, life was a state of doubt suspended between post cards. It was two weeks before we received the first cryptic message. Connie was all excited when I gave her the mail.

"From Ben? My gosh! Where are my glasses?" she exclaimed.

"You don't wear any," I told her.

"That's right," she nodded, grabbing the post card.

We read the penciled scrawl together. It said: "I'm feeling fine. The weather is hot. So are several propositions I have."

Connie stared at the card, read it over and over. "A one-inch margin all around," she murmured. "He could have been more specific and told us just how hot the weather was on Tuesday at four o'clock. And given a return address."

In mid-August we received the second message:

"Everything looks rosy. I have a swell job. The weather is still warm. Love."

"That's that," I said. "He has a job."

"Working for the weather bureau, probably," Connie said. "He gives regular reports, anyhow."

At the end of the month another card arrived. It was postmarked Dallas, Texas.

"Everything under control. I have a terrific job here in Dallas. Great going, Connie. I listen to your program every week."

There was a three-weeks silence after that. We were heading into the big time with the throttle wide open. Ed Jansen of the Hobart-Jansen Agency had a new contract drawn up and waiting for our signature. Vincent Bowman was ready to close a deal with us for a series of recordings. Ted Kelly, a Hollywood talent scout, wanted Connie to make a screen test.

All of that couldn't lift her from the slough of despondence. We were sitting in the lobby of the third floor, Radio City, when Emil Gissing, the agent, came by. Emil was a plumpish little man and the nicest ten-per-center in town. He spent most of his working hours doing favors for people just for the pleasure of it.

"I hear you've struck oil, Connie," he beamed.

"No more five-a-day for Lee, Page and Norton," I said.

Emil sat down. "Heard from Ben lately?"

"He's busy with a swell booking in Dallas."

"That's queer. Very queer," Emil muttered.

"What's queer about it?" I asked.

Emil shrugged. "There's a young fellow singing in a Greenwich Village café. He looks like Ben, but I guess it's just a coincidence." He rose. "Well, so long, Connie."

She was on her feet. "Emil! What's the name of the café?"

"The Little Bohemian. Excellent cuisine and atmosphere."

I cornered Emil while Connie wasn't there, and dragged out all the details. Ben hadn't had a full week's work since leaving the East. Emil had spotted him at the Little Bohemian in Greenwich Village.

"His morale is pretty well shot," Emil said. "But proud? Oh, my! He made me promise not to tell you or Connie. However, we agents haven't any scruples."

"Emil," I said, "buy yourself an orchid at the florist's downstairs and charge it to me.'

THERE was a sparkle in Connie's eyes for the rest of the afternoon. At night, her face was pale and tense against the darkness in the cab.

The Little Bohemian turned out to be a walk-down restaurant dug in among red-brick buildings. Connie's glance darted among the diners, searching for that certain square-jawed face. Ben wasn't in the room. I led her to a candle-lit table in a corner and snapped for a waiter.

As soon as Ben came on the floor, a man rose from one of the tables and went to a piano. He gave Ben a quick vamp that sent him off on a sentimental melody popular at the time.

Ben stood in the glare of an upright lamp near the piano. His shoulders, in the way they drooped, admitted defeat; but not his face. His square jaw seemed to dare the world to do its worst. He was dressed in his dinner coat. I recognized it, and noticed with a mental twinge that it needed pressing. The thing that made Connie utter a pained little cry was the napkin draped over his arm. He was a singing waiter!

Connie half rose in her seat. I took her hand to restrain her.

"We've got to make it easy for him," I whispered.

"The stubborn idiot," she muttered fiercely, sinking back in her chair. "He doesn't have to do this! Look how thin he is."

"On him it's becoming."

I held her hand until I was sure she wouldn't make a scene. I said: "Now, listen, Connie. We'll have him out of here in no time at all. Emil Gissing gave me a hot tip. They'll be needing a singer tomorrow at the Tower Terrace—a romantic male with a melodic baritone."

She said earnestly, "That would be swell. He'd be with us—Lee, Page and Norton."

Her eyes were focused on Ben again. There was a scattering of applause from the score of people in the restaurant as his song ended. He came toward our table, taking an order book from his pocket. When he recognized us, his mouth fell open in surprise. Then a slow twisted smile formed on his lips. The napkin on his arm fell to the floor.

"These darn request numbers," he said. "A fellow can't drop in for a bite to eat without them asking him to—"

He stopped when he realized we knew. He said offhandedly, "It's just a side line, folks."

“Sure,” Connie nodded. “You’re getting local color for a novel.”

He shrugged. “Well, it’s honest work.”

“And if you can get it you can have it,” I said. “Sit down!”

He pulled up a chair. His eyes were locked with Connie’s and there was a hungry expression on his face.

“Ah, you are ravishing tonight, *cara mia*,” he said. “You have an intoxicating, unearthly beauty.”

“You’re pretty unearthly yourself,” she said. “Where’ve you been?”

“Oh, here and there. This is only a filler-in, this job. I have a swell spot waiting for me in Topeka. So help me, it’s big time.”

Connie knew he was lying, but she said casually, “Why don’t you throw it over, Ben? We miss the sunshine of your smile and the patter of your little feet.”

He shook his head.

“You’re doing all right without me. And *I’m* doing well. Why, just the other day I had an offer—”

“Ben,” I said, “how’d you like to work in a nice night club? Maybe I can get you an audition.”

I guess I was a little too blunt. He took the blow in his pride and recoiled indignantly.

“For Pete’s sake, lay off, Thomas. I’m no charity case, and I can’t see why you’re making all this fuss!” Ben cried. “We’re not a vaudeville team any more. We’re individuals.”

He got to his feet and strode out of the restaurant. Connie started after him, then fell back into her chair.

“Well, it was a good exit,” she said dully.

DEVERY FREEMAN

says he works best in self-defense, when all other avenues are closed. He put himself through school writing for humor magazines here and abroad, then suffered spasms of editorial, publicity, radio, and screen writing, finally turning his typewriter to fiction. He is 26.

ON the way home, Connie nursed her wounds silently. She didn’t speak much until we reached the hotel.

“It’s that pride of his,” she decided. “He has to be captain or he won’t play.”

“Not only that,” I said—“he has to have all the worries on his shoulders. The contract we made in Florida suited him as long as *he* was supporting *us*.”

“The low-down welsher!” she exclaimed.

There was nothing I could do to cheer her up.

Come morning, Connie was up shortly after cockcrow. She routed me out of bed at eight o’clock, a time of day Lee, Page and Norton rarely saw. I dressed and shaved, then met her in the coffee shop off the hotel lobby.

“What’s the idea?” I complained. “Waking a man at the crack of dawn?”

“We’ve got a lot to do today, Thomas,” she said.

“We can’t do it in the dark,” I grumbled.

She asked: “How much money have we in the bank?”

“Three hundred dollars,” I informed her.

“Oh, dear!” she said. “We’ll have to draw that.”

“Look, beautiful,” I said. “At this stage of the game we still come after the acrobats. Until we sign the new contract, we’re earning one hundred dollars a week. That three hundred dollars—”

The three hundred dollars came out of the bank as soon as we had finished breakfast. Well, it was Connie’s money, and if she wanted to spend it, who was I to object?

She tucked the cash in her purse and said crisply, “Now let’s see Mr. Vincent Bowman about those recordings.”

“Good,” I nodded. “The deal is just waiting for your signature.”

“It’ll wait a long time,” she declared. “I’m not going through with it.”

“Connie! Are you insane?” I gasped.

“I was never saner in my life, Thomas,” she said simply. “I’m not signing that contract. The same thing goes for the radio deal. I’m quitting. Washing my hands of it.”

I experienced a horrible sinking sensation in my middle as I realized what she intended to do. She was throwing away everything we had been working for. Her whole career.

“I’m not a martyr,” she told me. “Actually, Thomas, I’m selfish. I need Ben as much as he needs me.”

It was brutal, the way she mowed down every proposition, one by one. Vincent Bowman looked at her popeyed with astonishment, but she was firm. The Hollywood talent scout, when we met him for lunch, stared at her unbelievingly.

“Do I hear right?” he asked. “You’re unique, young lady. The only girl who ever turned down an offer for a screen test.”

Ed Jansen of the Hobart-Jansen Agency was indignant.

“Do you realize, Miss Page, that we’re offering you fame? We spent a summer building you up, and now that you’re ready for bigger things—” He looked at her suspiciously. “Has somebody else offered you a better proposition?”

“No, not yet,” she murmured. “But he will.”

We stood outside in the street. I stepped off the curb and glared at Connie.

“What’s the matter with you, Thomas?” Connie said. “Come back on the sidewalk.”

“Why?” I replied. “If we’re heading for the gutter, we might as well save time. All we have in the world is three hundred dollars.”

“Well, we won’t let that stand between us and the gutter,” she stated nonchalantly. “We’ll spend it right away.”

“You’ll be sorry when dinnertime comes tonight.”

“Piffle!” she said. “Tonight we’re going to have the best dinner the Tower Terrace has to offer.”

She meant it, too. Three hundred dollars’ worth of dinner. She laid the money on the line in front of the management of the Tower Terrace.

“The best of everything,” she said. “It’s for Ben Lee, the Melody Minstrel, who is returning to New York from his triumphs in Hollywood.”

“Ben Lee? Ah, yes. Ben Lee,” nodded the management. He was obviously impressed.

WE found Ben in a small hotel off Broadway. Emil Gissing had told Connie where he was. A battered old suitcase, half packed, lay open on the bed.

“Going some place?” Connie asked. “Don’t tell me—I know. You have a swell opening waiting for you in Sioux City.”

“No, it’s Detroit.” He smiled. “Detroit in the fall. Picture it. The automobiles turning a russet hue—”

“How lovely!” Connie squealed. “Ripe tires falling from the trees—Thomas and I will be packed in just a jiffy.”

Ben stopped in the act of rolling a necktie.

“But your job, darling,” he said. “You can’t come with me, you know.”

Connie said happily, “I have none. Neither has Thomas. We’re unemployed and destitute. Pity us!”

“Not only are we destitute. We’re also dead broke,” I added.

Connie and I started to hobble around the room, wailing, “Pity us! We are poor!”

Ben seemed to grow bigger right before us. He drew Connie toward him, held her tightly in his arms.

“Gosh, you’re a silly specimen!” he said cheerily. He kissed her hair. “There isn’t a thing to worry about.”

Connie said contentedly, “I know. But when I think of us not having the fare to Detroit—”

THAT night we had the three-hundred-dollar dinner, and the management came by and asked Ben to do a number. I gave him a musical screen on the piano, and he sang like an angel. It wasn’t easy getting the supper crowd to stop eating; but we put it over. And, by some coincidence, the Tower Terrace needed a romantic baritone just like Ben.

Now Ben Lee, the Melody Minstrel, is the new romantic rage of after-theater society. No one knows that Ben sings so sad and plaintively because he has happy worries and warm responsibilities—because he’s thinking: Holy cats! Now that I’m married, I ought to take out some life insurance. And, Holy cats! Connie forgot to call the furniture people about the dining-room set.

THE END

INCLUDE LOVE OUT

They spoke tender, glowing words as they tried to express the joy and pain of being in love.

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 52 SECONDS

ONCE upon a time there was a heroine in a movie who met a hero who fell in love with her and told her so, and she fell in love with him and told him so, and they spoke tender, glowing words to each other as they tried to express the joy and pain of being in love. But that was a long time ago.

On the screen of today, hero and heroine still meet, but from the very beginning they regard each other with deep suspicion. Some sixth sense seems to tell them that love is about to seize them both in its ruthless grip, and they resent it bitterly. They say cruel things to each other, or they treat the whole matter with the polite disdain of well bred people to whom honest expression of personal emotion is indecent. The more romance holds them in thrall, the more careful they are not to let any note of tenderness or sentiment color their conversation with the loved one.

Simple, direct declarations of feeling, such as the three little words, " I love you," have become as archaic on the screen as the phrase, "Unhand that woman!" The whole American public seems to have grown as self-conscious about any display of romantic affection as a nervous bride and groom standing at the altar. Modern screen love stories more often than not represent the struggle of two young people to flee from the cosmic urge, and when it proves too strong for them, to face their fate with the defiant courage of brave men looking into the eyes of death.

" How's about a spot of matrimony, old thing? " says the hero, busily cleaning his pipe.

" O. K. by me, big boy," says the heroine over her cocktail; and thus another up-to-date story of love and longing is brought to its emotional climax.

The retreat from poetry, accompanied by the growth of a cave-man ideology of romance, began to be apparent almost as soon as the screen had learned to talk. Before the vocal cinema was a year old, audiences began to laugh at any love scene which mentioned love and to make merry over any forthright statement of a tender nature. All language which inclined to be the least bit flowery was distinctly *lingua non grata;* poetic exaggeration which had proved so useful in the theater was relegated to the discard, and casual realism or humorous understatement took its place.

This complete change of dramatic style was by no means deliberately brought about by picture writers or producers—it was forced upon them by an audience whose reactions to dramatic values on the screen were changing. Even when the motion picture was silent, its greater intimacy made necessary more restraint in emotional expression than was customary on the stage, where the audience was much farther away from the actor. But when pictures began to talk, their intimacy seemed to increase fivefold. If love-making were not subdued physically, we got the bizarre effect of people, close enough for us to touch, talking to us in the tones and gestures they would use at a distance of ten yards. Thus, what would have been an excellent performance on the stage became ludicrous when magnified to screen proportions, and screen audiences, being merciless, laughed to scorn scenes which they would have accepted in the theater with responsive sympathy.

In trying to develop methods to overcome this difficulty, writers and directors were faced not only with technical problems of the screen itself but also with an underlying change in the attitude of modern American men and women toward one another. Women, having achieved political, educational, and professional equality, were no longer taking much stock in a chivalry which, for hundreds of years, had been their badge of inferiority. Romance had become a process by which two equally capable citizens united against a common enemy, love, and made the best deal possible under the circumstances.

As long as men ran the world it pleased them to make goddesses of their women. Gentlemen took great delight in acclaiming the superiority of their ladies, since placing the fair creatures upon pedestals not only kept them safely out of harm's way but prevented them from having any say in the law of the land. It was not until the third decade of the twentieth century that American women, having fought for years to be released from the bondage of superiority, finally gained equal rights as citizens, thus striking a disintegrating blow to the double standard of social life.

Woman's emancipation from the slavery of idealism was, no doubt, a sign of progress, but it was bound to affect both the point of view and the technique of love-making. Women competing on equal terms with men in business, the arts, and the professions threw monkey wrenches into the machinery of romance. The weaker sex was now in a position to outvote the stronger, and Romeo, standing beneath Juliet's balcony, could not ignore the fact that he was addressing the future administratrix of the vast Capulet business interests.

As motion pictures are patronized every week by some eighty million Americans, the screen must keep absolutely up to the minute in reflecting the popular point of view, or it loses the illusion of reality. Therefore the screen reacted progressively to the public's changing conception of romance. Most of the old standard dramatic situations went by the board. Fathers no longer turned their erring daughters out into snowstorms. Parental opposition ceased to be a practical opposition to marriage; in fact it rather added spice to the affair. Parents were on the defensive against children who not only told them where they got off but demanded absolute freedom accompanied by full support and no responsibility.

The youngsters insisted on their right to "live their own lives" while eating dad's food and wearing dad's clothes. They made much of the fact that they hadn't asked to be born and that, consequently, some one owed them a comfortable living for having brought them, unwilling, into such a terrible place as the world. Never has a single generation been so reproached by its children for the state of the world as is the current bewildered host of mothers and fathers.

It's the new Hollywood rule. You asked for it! How long will it last?

BY

WILLIAM C. de MILLE

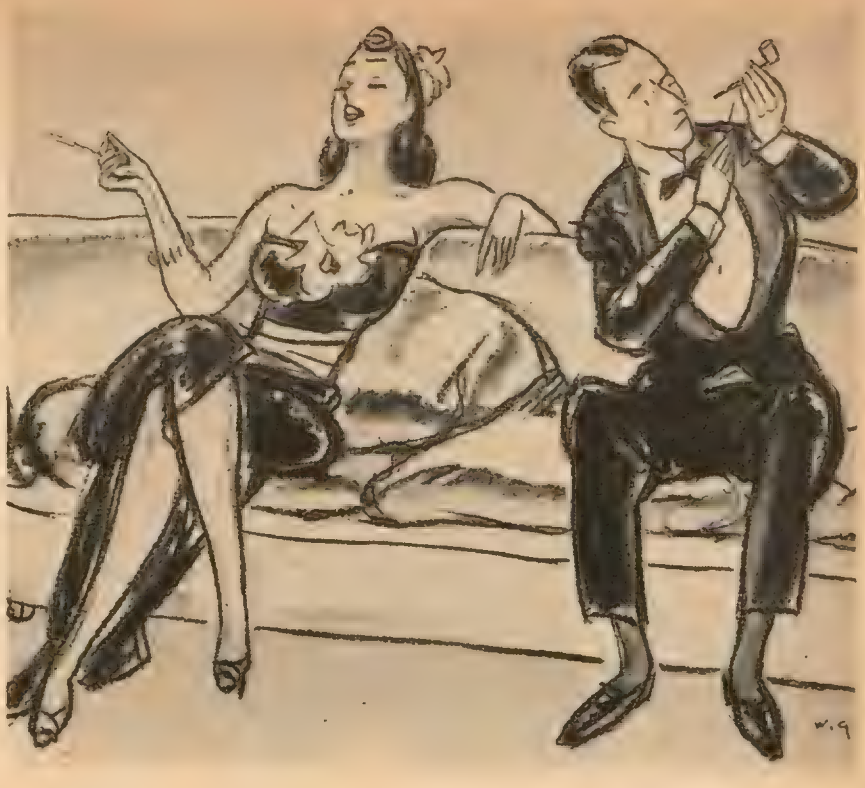
ILLUSTRATED BY GALBRAITH

All through the era of prohibition the screen was bound to reflect the cigarette-smoking, cocktail-drinking, necking, petting pseudo-sophisticates who formed so large a part of American life. The professionally virtuous, it is true, howled to high heaven that the screen was causing all the evil which it reflected. But had the screen been governed entirely by these puritan groups, it would have ceased to mirror its own day and age and have become mere propaganda for righteousness. Also, motion pictures would have lost their largest class of patrons—youth, who would have found an expurgated version of life, in which people had no vices, both unreal and uninteresting.

With the whole social structure undergoing such drastic changes, it was inevitable that expression of intimate emotion should take on the color of the new era. The more free and easy young folks became in their personal relationships, the more they tended to avoid language which reflected the attitude of bygone days.

Try as they would, however, they were unable to escape the fascination which each sex had always had for the other. Like it or not, they found that the law of nature continued to work and that their newly alleged freedom from softer emotions made them no less miserable than their ancestors had been when in love. Emotional prohibition was no more successful in actually stopping romance than alcoholic prohibition had been in stopping hard liquor. Romance, like liquor, merely went into hiding and was enjoyed, in private, as an indulgence which could not be openly acknowledged.

What may be called the negative romantic movement on the screen of the last decade was due in no small measure to the very young, boys and girls of grammar-school age. If some youthful dastard inscribed the words "Jimmie loves Susie" upon the school fence, it was a fighting matter; only blows could wipe out the insult to Jimmie's dignity, the slur on Susie's integrity. Today Jimmie and Susie in large numbers, their point of view unchanged, are part of every motion-picture audience. Theirs are the snickers and giggles starting the wave of derision which finally swamps a sincere scene of passion. For Jimmie and Susie have never cared for love scenes. Their interest is held by Westerns, gangster or spy stories and cartoons. What bores them most is that thing called love. They do accept a minimum amount of love in their screen fare merely because it has proved so often to be a cause of highly adventurous action—chases, fights, hairbreadth escapes, risking of life and limb. But woe be unto the hero who dares to *speak* his love with similar intensity.



"How's about a spot of matrimony, old thing?" says the hero. "O. K. by me, big boy," says the heroine.

Are Jimmie and Susie really dominating the movies? It would almost seem so when a picture audience of today can laugh at emotional lines penned by so true a dramatist as James M. Barrie, lines which are still as effective on the stage as they have ever been. It does seem ungrateful of the little darlings to drive from the screen any expression of love which is neither casual nor sophisticated, when the screen has labored so hard to conceal or even to deny many of the basic facts of life as its tribute to youthful innocence. In spite of this, Jimmie and Susie seem to have acquired from other sources a fairly shrewd idea of things as they are.

As to the future—who knows? It may be that our flight from sentimental romance, our tail-slapping, face-punching, verbally abusive love stories merely reflect the general atavistic tendency so evident in our modern world. But the American, in his heart, will always be a sentimentalist. His is the psychology which compels hundreds of people to watch dozens of men trying frantically to rescue a deer marooned on a ledge of a hillside, while their relatives scour the woods with rifles, trying to kill the deer's relatives.

Incidents like this indicate that the American public, in spite of its highly prized sophistication, is really no more hard-boiled today than when it wept copiously over Robert Elsmere. There is a ray of hope, too, in the fact that already many young college women are announcing, in answer to questionnaires, that they prefer home and marriage to a professional career.

Perhaps we are getting ready to react from the materialistic '20s and the depressing '30s. Perhaps the spirit of poetic romance is about to stir from the unconsciousness into which it was knocked by the so-called New Freedom.

Perhaps before many years we may go to a motion picture and hear the hero say to the heroine the long-lost words, "I love you."

THE END

BARGAIN BASEMENT FOR THE *Soul*

A Boston department store's open door to community servi

BY SYLVIA G. DREYFUS

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

IRRESOLUTE and troubled, Mrs. Gray stands looking at the little white house. The green shutters and window boxes filled with clipped shiny box trees give it a friendly air and the door is hospitably open. But she can't quite decide to go in. It goes against the grain in a woman of Mrs. Gray's environment and tradition to tell her troubles to a stranger; she is used to working things out for herself. But today she realizes that she must get information and, if possible, help.

"Nobody knows me here. . . . Besides, the white house front is nothing, really, but a stage setting in a corner of a department store," she murmurs to herself.

With a mental squaring of the shoulders, she enters the open door of the Family Information Center. At a desk in the tiny pine-paneled office sits an attractive woman with hazel eyes, a fresh young complexion, and a welcoming smile. Her brown hair is slightly gray, but her figure is youthful and she wears a very smart hat.

"I am Mrs. Abbott, the director," she reassures her visitor swiftly. "Can I do anything for you?"

"I hope so, Mrs. Abbott," Mrs. Gray answers, beginning to believe that the plunge, after all, won't be too difficult. "I want terribly to talk to you about something, but only if you will promise me not to make any record of my visit. My husband would be furious if he knew that I had consulted an outsider on a family matter."

"If you prefer, you needn't even give your name. Often people come in just for the relief of talking out their difficulties to a friendly and impersonal listener."

Mrs. Gray sighed with relief. Seating herself in a maple Windsor chair which faced Mrs. Abbott's desk, she looked around the little consultation room. The book-lined walls were divided into sections clearly labeled according to their contents, and those labels, Food, Budget, Adolescent Child, Vocational, gave her added courage. She felt at home with books, and with surprising speed she felt at home with Mrs. Abbott.

The story came quickly. Professor Gray was a man of high academic reputation. They had three children, the eldest a boy of eighteen just ready for college; their family life was normally happy and sympathetic. At the present moment, however, they were all living under unusual tension. The oldest son had announced that he wanted to become an aviator. His father's dream was that the boy should follow in his footsteps and teach mathematics. So unwilling was he to consider the question that he refused to recognize the intensity of the boy's interest in aviation and, in his anger and disappointment, would hardly speak to the young man at all. Mrs. Gray thought that if she could obtain reliable information on the cost and the courses of study required to fit her son to be an aviator, she might induce the father to at least discuss the proposition.

She had come to the right place for advice. Mrs. Abbott consulted her files, put in a telephone call, and in a few moments had made an appointment for Mrs. Gray to see one of the few men in Boston who could give her complete information on the subject of aviation. Then, before she realized it, Mrs. Gray found herself talking freely of another subject: the difficulty of managing to live on her husband's salary.

"That is everybody's difficulty these days," said Mrs. Abbott. "I'd like you to talk with Mrs. Skilton, whose specialty is home economics. She studied at Simmons College and for the last twenty years has devoted most of her time to vocational and home-management problems. She will give you a list of books and pamphlets and sound advice on apportioning your expenditures."

Mrs. Abbott's next visitor is a young married woman who has recently moved to Boston. She knows almost nothing of the resources of the city, has no friends and no idea where to turn for advice. She is pregnant, and cannot afford to go to one of the top-notch expensive obstetricians, but neither is she of the class that benefits by the outpatient departments of the maternity hospitals.

Mrs. Abbott supplies her with lists of books and practical suggestions about the layette. Most valuable of all, she has her fill out a blank applying for free prenatal literature from the Massachusetts State Department of Public Health. Every week from now on the expectant mother will receive from the state a leaflet with detailed advice about her health and diet.

The telephone rings. Mrs. Abbott answers briskly, to the point, a woman who wants to know what is the best type of mattress for a two-year-old child. Almost immediately comes another phone call: One of the store executives has asked her help in finding a home for a paralytic woman. She has three for him to choose from.

A social worker from a settlement house wants to know how to handle a boy-gang situation difficult even for his practiced hand. A Negro clergyman and his family come for information about double-decker beds. A mother on welfare brings in her three badly undernourished children. How can she budget her food to feed them properly? A tired bewildered father asks help in selecting toys and books for five children of varying ages. . . .

And so the visits go on, from nine thirty until five, day in and day out. All kinds of people, all kinds of questions.

What is this Family Information Center? Let me start with the woman who runs it.

Josephine Abbott is a graduate of Smith College, with a master's degree in psychology from Radcliffe. She has been on the staff of the Judge Baker Guidance Center in Boston; she served as consultant in child management in the State Department of Education and as consulting psychologist at the Massachusetts Reformatory for Women. She is a well known lecturer on mental hygiene, personality adjustments, and family relationships, at schools and clubs and forums in all parts of the United States. She is now consultant in parent education in the Massachusetts State Department of Public Health, Division of Child Hygiene. In addition to all this, Mrs. Abbott is the mother of five children, and this family background has given her sympathy and understanding and that sureness of approach to personal problems which inspires other people to trust her and unburden their hearts.

Thinking over the hundreds of cases in which she had been consulted, Mrs. Abbott finally came to the conclusion that, for the most part, people do not know where to go for advice or even for information in handling their personal affairs. This, she found, was especially true of

Here's something new in merchandising!
of a department-store enterprise which

nset: Mrs. T. Grafton Abbott, who directs the venture.

those who are neither of the wealthy group nor of the group served by settlement houses, free clinics, and other philanthropic agencies. So one day she went to call on Edward Mitton, president of the Jordan Marsh Company, Boston's largest department store.

"Mr. Mitton," she said, "in your stock you have every kind of merchandise a family needs, for every type of home. Why don't you go a step farther and complete your service to the community? Why don't you provide a place where people can come for help in the actual problems of everyday living?"

"What would you propose doing?" Mr. Mitton asked.

"I would like a space somewhere in your store which would be a clearinghouse for every kind of information that people need in their daily lives; where the more obvious questions could be answered right off the bat and the more complicated ones be referred to the proper specialists. People waste so much time because they don't know *where* to find out what they need to know. I want to provide a place where they can find out how to cure a child of teasing, where to board three children while their mother is in the hospital, where to learn soap-carving or tap-dancing, what are the vocational possibilities for a young man who speaks four languages and understands block-printing . . ."

In the end Mrs. Abbott's enthusiasm and common sense prevailed. The Family Information Center, on trial for six months, opened its doors in November, 1935. Since that time the Center has been a regular feature of the store service. Mrs. Eva Whiting White, well known Boston woman, an expert in the field of social work and president of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union, says: "The establishment of the Family Information Center has been a civic contribution."

The set-up is simple. The store pays all expenses, including printing and publicity. There is a board of directors, really an advisory board, composed of about thirty men and women, all well known in their respective fields of educational, philanthropic, religious, business, and social work. These directors are not connected with the Jordan Marsh Company. The chairman of the board is Dr. M. Luise Diez, director of the Division of Child Hygiene of the State Department of Public Health. In addition, and perhaps more actively important, there are fifteen co-operating agencies closely in contact with the Center and ready to share their resources. None of these organizations is commercial; all are educational.

The heartening, surprising success-story deals in lives and hope and better living

The actual physical set-up is equally simple. On the third floor of the store, in a corner of the infants' department, stands the façade of the white clapboard house with its modest shingle: FAMILY INFORMATION CENTER. Behind this bit of scenery are two rooms, one the office, and another slightly larger, which is used for biweekly exhibits. These exhibits, covering food, budgeting, health, books, handicrafts, and other items, are planned by groups and organizations throughout the state.

Nothing is for sale in the Family Information Center, and there are no price tags on any article used for exhibit or decoration. Of the forty thousand people who have passed through its doors in the three years of its existence, some have been chance visitors, some have made a special pilgrimage with a definite intent. The average number of visitors is fifty a day.

The majority of people who use the Center are or have been in comfortable circumstances. They prefer not to go to an agency. Like Mrs. Gray, they don't want people to know they are going for a consultation. Holders of municipal or philanthropic jobs, as well as private individuals, frequently come for advice. The Supervisor of Public Health of a large town near Boston registered herself and several pupils for a lecture course for expectant mothers. The superintendent of a junior high school came to discuss educational and school social problems with the director. Another visitor was an Indian woman, a Rockefeller Fellow, studying at the Harvard School of Public Health. Before returning to Calcutta, where she was to do welfare work, she wanted to get all the information the Center could provide.

OTHER agencies, too, recognize the value of the project. I spoke to the Rev. Robert P. Barry, director of the Catholic Charitable Bureau of Boston, about this attitude. "When the idea was broached in regard to establishing such a center at Jordan Marsh's," said Father Barry, "it was viewed rather with suspicion and skepticism by some of the executives of Boston social agencies. Two things were feared: one, that it might be a commercialization of social work itself; and the other, that it was the unnecessary establishment of a social agency which might be lacking in proper standards. Time has totally dissipated any suspicion or skepticism, and the Family Information Center has a recognized and established place in the community."

The problems brought to the Center are, roughly in the order of their importance, budget, health, child raising and parent education, leisure interests and adult education, vocational questions, sex information, personality adjustments, employment.* This general grouping of the questions does not give an adequate idea of the variety of subjects touched upon. To look over the files is a liberal education in the differing needs of mankind.

A mother asks where she can find a camp for a diabetic child. This is an easy problem for the Center—a leading diabetic specialist knows just the place where the complicated details of a diabetic diet are simple routine.

A man comes in to discuss the condition of his wife, who had a nervous breakdown after the birth of their first child and has made almost no progress on the road back to health. He is referred to the Thought Control Clinic of Dr. Joseph Pratt at the Boston Dispensary.

"Can you help me find a 'ghost' writer in New York City?" comes a telephone inquiry. The Center can and does.

The unusual feature of the Center is its contact with the varied, almost limitless resources of a large, richly equipped community. As a mere bureau of information it would perform a useful job; but its scope, clearly, is far wider. Mrs. Abbott and Mrs. Skilton know and have at their fingertips the function of every social and educational agency in Massachusetts. They have the faith and co-operation of these agencies. With this equipment the Family Information Center has been able to build up, within the walls of a department store, a community service unique, valuable, and completely uncommercial.

THE END

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*The Center is in no sense an employment bureau and does not attempt to find jobs for people. It refers them to the agencies which might place them or give them good employment advice.

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 22 SECONDS

I MARRIED A NAZI

Tragedy enters the vivid, deeply moving story of an American wife in Germany

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

ILLUSTRATED BY A. N. SIMPKIN

THEY are to spend three months in Germany—Eric Traub, his wife Carol, and their little boy Ricky—so that the only son of Heinrich Traub, who has become an invalid, may settle the affairs of his father's toy business in Berlin. Also, Carol, fashion editor for the American Woman, has undertaken to trace her physician's missing brother, Professor Hugo Gerhardt, who is in a concentration camp. Five hundred dollars is given her to help him or his family. Eric regards her mission as dangerous to himself, for he is still " technically " a German, not having taken out his full-citizenship papers in the United States.

Arriving in Berlin, Eric and Carol soon discover that, while his father loves and longs for the Germany that is gone, his second wife, Freda, young enough to be his daughter, is an ardent Nazi. She is also very beautiful—and fairly takes possession of her big stepson. When Freda hears of the Hugo Gerhardt matter, she warns Carol to drop it. The repercussion on the Traubs would be bad if any one connected with the family were to give aid to a traitor!

Nevertheless, Carol says she will be faithful to the promise she gave Dr. Gerhardt before leaving New York. Freda thereupon extols the Third Reich and devotes her attentions to Eric.

His mother in America having told him to look her up, Kenneth Delane, attached to the United States Embassy, calls on Carol at the Traub home. She is delighted to meet him. He means freedom to her in this Jew-hating land. So she confides in him about her search for Hugo Gerhardt. Unlike Freda, the attaché tells her it's a simple matter, and offers to take her to the *Schutzstaffel* headquarters, where he is sure that Herr Deckart will give her all the information she needs. Together they drive there.

PART THREE—A BRAVE MAN'S FATE

HERR FRIEDRICH DECKART'S chins overflowed the confines of his winged collar in a soggy blob. His bald head shone so cleanly that it might have been polished with wax. He sat behind a neat desk, and on the wall above him hung a large swastika. When his visitors entered, he rose to offer Carol a stiff bow—a short man, massively built, his manner brisk, his small eyes keen and shrewd. They seemed to dissect her in a single glance.

" Be so good as to sit down, *gnädige Frau.*" He spoke crisply and, surprisingly enough, in English. " And you, Herr Delane—it is a pleasure again to see you. What is it you wish? "

" Mrs. Traub," Kenneth said, " is an American. She's trying to locate Professor Hugo Gerhardt."

The name caused Herr Deckart to lift startled brows. He looked at Carol. " You are to the professor related? "

" Oh, no." She explained her mission as briefly as possible. When she finished, Herr Deckart sat down. He considered in dubious silence. But at last, straightening, he turned to a black-uniformed man at the door.

" The dossier of Professor Hugo Gerhardt," he ordered. Then his manner changed. He became quite affable, asking Kenneth about the health of various attachés at the Embassy. Presently he restored his attention to Carol. " You have in Berlin been long, Frau Traub? "

" Just three days."

" Your name," he observed, " it is German."

" My husband is a German."

" *Ach, so?* I see. Your husband, he also is here? " inquired Herr Deckart. " In Berlin? "

" Yes, of course."

The bald official picked up a pen and bent over a memorandum pad. " His name, *bitte?* "

Why am I so nervous? she wondered. But she replied firmly.

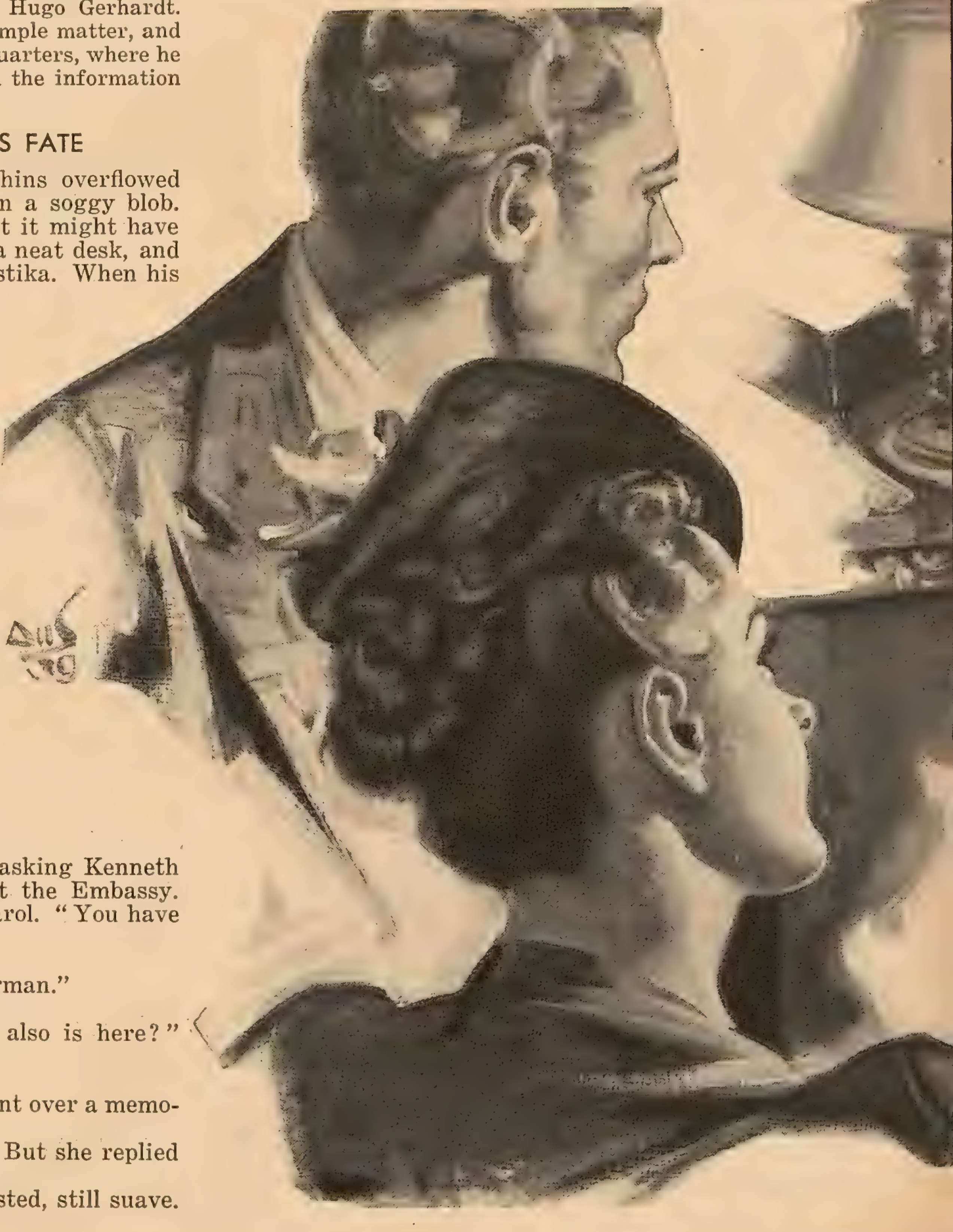
" Your address? " Herr Deckart persisted, still suave.

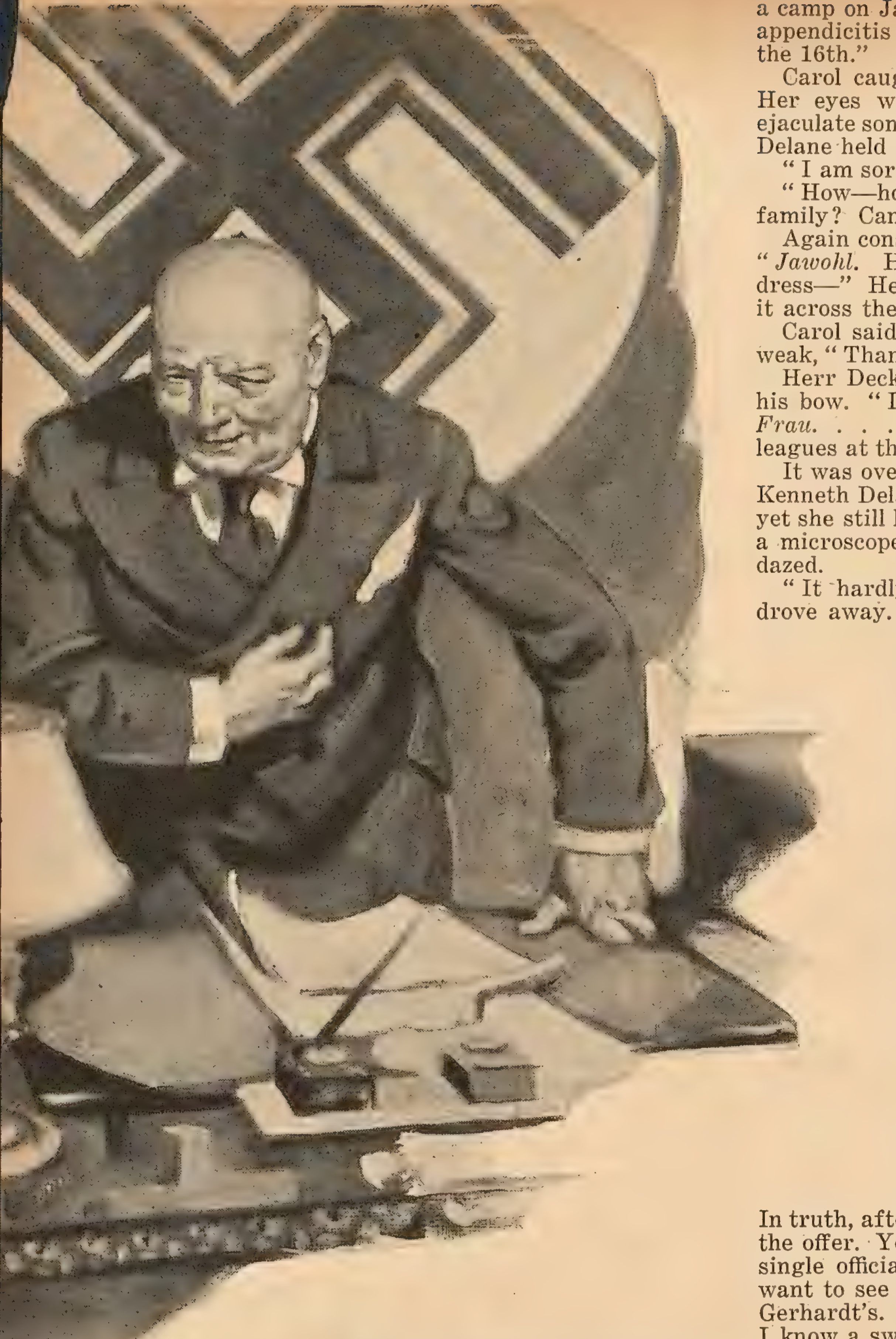
" Twenty-three Havelstrasse, Grünewald. We're living at the home of my husband's father."

" Your husband is a *Stattbürger*—a German citizen? "

" Well, yes." (Perhaps it was wiser not to mention the fact that Eric had already taken out his first American naturalization papers.)

" And your husband's father? Also a *Stattbürger?* "





When his visitors entered, he rose to offer Carol a stiff bow. "Be so good as to sit down, gnädige Frau." He spoke, surprisingly, in English.

"Oh, yes indeed. He's lived in Berlin all his life."

"Aryan?"

"Quite."

"Your husband's mother?"

"She died when he was a child. But she was Aryan."

Herr Deckart nodded as he wrote. "And you, *gnädige Frau?*"

Carol smiled. "Four generations of Americans behind me, and their ancestors came from Scotland and England. I suppose that makes me Nordic."

"Your religion? And your husband's, *bitte?*"

"Both Protestant."

The black-shirted attendant returned to place a file on the desk. With a faint sigh, the official put his pen aside and studied the dossier. Then he cleared his throat; spoke unemotionally, without lifting his eyes:

"Professor Hugo Gerhardt. Of treason convicted. To a camp on January 10. On January 15 he was for acute appendicitis operated. The operation failed. He died the 16th."

Carol caught her breath at the impact of the news. Her eyes widened. She bent forward and started to ejaculate something; but a warning glance from Kenneth Delane held her silent.

"I am sorry," said Herr Deckart. "That is all."

"How—how about his wife?" whispered Carol. "His family? Can you tell me where *they* are?"

Again consulting the dossier, Herr Deckart answered, "*Jawohl.* His wife now in Hanover lives. The address—" He scribbled it on a slip of paper and tendered it across the desk. "*So.* She lives with her daughter."

Carol said in a tone that sounded small and flat and weak, "Thank you." She tucked the paper into her purse.

Herr Deckart rose. He smiled formally and repeated his bow. "I am glad always of service to be, *gnädige Frau.* . . . Herr Delane, my compliments to your colleagues at the *Botschaft.*"

It was over. It had been simple and brief. Almost, as Kenneth Delane had predicted, a matter of routine. And yet she still had the feeling that she had been held under a microscope. When she sat in the car again, she felt dazed.

"It hardly seems possible," she began as Kenneth drove away. "They told me that six months ago Professor Gerhardt's name was in all the papers. You would imagine if a man like that died everybody would have known it—there would have been some mention of it."

"Perhaps your relatives overlooked the item," Kenneth said dryly.

"I—I suppose so."

"Or possibly it wasn't printed. The German press sometimes omits obituaries."

After that they said nothing for a while. When a traffic light stopped them, Kenneth studied her profile. Despite her strain she was, he had to concede, lovely. The flattering American fit of her clothes, the American slant of her hat . . . He recalled, with a faint smile, that she had recently been a fashion editor and decided she looked the part.

Carol spoke abruptly: "How far is it to Hanover?"

"Oh, about a hundred miles."

"I suppose I could go there and return in a day?"

"Easily." Kenneth had an inspiration then. He didn't know what prompted it. In truth, after he had spoken he felt rather abashed about the offer. Yet he said: "Look. I'm free Sunday. Not a single official tea to attend. If you and your husband want to see a bit of the country, I'll drive you to Frau Gerhardt's. We can make it in two hours each way. And I know a swell little place where we can stop for lunch. They serve the best *Gänsebraten* in all Germany."

Carol's whole countenance brightened. "Why, thanks! That sounds perfectly grand, even without the *Gänsebraten.* Though I'd hate to impose—"

"*I* suggested it. You didn't even think of it. We'll call it a date, then. Sunday morning at—shall we say ten?"

"If ambassadors are accustomed to such early hours."

"And you might," he suggested, "take Ricky along for the ride. He'll get a kick out of it."

HEINRICH TRAUB, seated near the window, his gray head bent, listened resignedly to his wife's complaint. "You should not have let her go," Freda declared. She was walking about the room in annoyance, frowning. Her fingers tore at a tiny handkerchief. "I warned her against it. You should have told her."

"I was asleep," sighed Heinrich. "Besides, I should probably not have tried to stop her anyway. What harm can come of it?"

"What harm!" Freda halted, staring at him as if she could not understand such shortsightedness. She looked at Eric for support, but he was gazing uncomfortably out of the window. Turning back to her husband, she argued, "Do you imagine they'll permit Eric to do business if they feel he's sympathetic to—enemies of the Reich?"

"But he isn't," Heinrich protested. "And neither is Carol."

"What else would you call it? Bringing money and encouragement to a man like Gerhardt, convicted of treason!"

"You exaggerate, *liebchen.*"

"I *don't* exaggerate!"

Heinrich no longer attempted to reply. He drew a long breath, leaned back, and shut his eyes. He seemed too tired to dispute the point.

"I wish I had been here," Freda said. She shot a hard, almost accusing glance at Fräulein Uberholtz; but the nurse sat in a corner, reading, without apparent interest in the discussion.

Suddenly Eric straightened. "Here they are."

He watched a car stop at the curb. He saw Carol lead a tall young man up the path to the house.

"I suppose I ought to go down to meet Delane," he muttered. "You too, Freda."

"No; I—" Then she saw his disappointment. He stood at the door, puzzled. She changed her mind at once; changed her whole manner. She uttered a pleasant tinkle of laughter and acceded. "All right, Eric. Of course I'll come."

"And please," he begged, "don't say anything about this to Carol. She meant nothing wrong by it."

FRIDAY evening, after they had put Ricky to sleep, Eric Traub startled his wife. They were in their bedroom, preparing for dinner; he was selecting a tie to wear with a fresh shirt.

"Look, honey," he said, without turning. "I'm afraid I'm not going to be able to go to Hanover Sunday."

Carol swung around from the mirror in dismay, a comb forgotten in her hand. "Oh, Eric!"

"Fritz Kloster is bringing the ledgers here. We're going over them with father. It'll take most of the day."

"But why Sunday, of all days? You can do that during the week!"

"Not this job. I'm having lunch Monday with one of the men who're interested in buying us out. I'll have to have a look at our books before I can talk to him intelligently."

She offered, "If you want me to put off going until Tuesday or Wednesday—"

"That won't do any good. I'll be at the factory all week. . . . No; if you insist on going, I suppose you may as well take advantage of Delane's offer and go Sunday."

"Without *you?*"

He laughed a little. "I won't mind. You'll probably be back by midafternoon, anyhow, won't you?"

She looked at Eric in wonder. There was a constraint about him she could not understand.

"Eric—" she said suddenly.

"Yes?" He was knotting his tie.

"Do you realize we haven't had a single day alone together—just you and Ricky and I—since we came?" Her voice was yearning. "I think it would be fun if—if we went off somewhere, just we three . . ."

Eric glanced at her. To her intense relief, his old grin returned—that frank, boyish grin she loved. He came to her, and brushed a fist against her chin, and pulled her into his arms. He smiled down into her eyes.

And in that moment a strange thing happened to Eric Traub. He held his wife, and found himself contrasting her with Freda. He saw not only Carol's chestnut hair, but Freda's dancing golden curls; not only Carol's calm brown eyes, but the laughing blue eyes of Freda. The experience shocked him. It frightened him too, so that he wrenched Freda's vision out of his mind and spoke gruffly:

"You're right, kid. We need more of each other. What do you say to doing it tomorrow?"

"*Can* you?"

"Sure. I was going to work only a half day, anyhow. It's Saturday. I'll chuck it. You and Ricky and I, we'll hop on that excursion boat and see the palace at Potsdam. How about it?"

"Grand!" she whispered.

"Just we three."

"Do you think Freda will mind?"

"Why should she? Besides, she's got some sort of Nazi women's meeting to attend. A luncheon that'll run well into the afternoon, she said."

"Oh . . ."

"So," finished Eric, and kissed her soundly on the lips, "tomorrow we'll go see Frederick the Great's little place in the country." He felt better after that.

And Saturday proved to be the most gratifying day they had yet had in Germany. Yes, a delightful day. . . .

On the way home, in the boat, Carol slipped her arm under Eric's and nestled snugly against him. Her cheek pressed his shoulder. She smiled across the water.

"This is the sort of thing we should do often," she whispered. "Just the three of us, forgetting everything else."

"We will," he promised, and patted her hand. "Let me get this business settled and we'll have the time of our lives. Tell you what," Eric said suddenly. "You leave Ricky home with me tomorrow."

"But you'll be busy, dear."

"I guess I can finish with Kloster before five. And if I do—" He winked at Ricky. "We can run over for a quick look at the Zoo. How about it, son?"

The idea delighted Ricky. He cried out in such glee that Carol laughingly yielded. She could not have refused either of them anything today.

That sense of happiness remained with her the following morning when she rode off with Kenneth Delane. She had, of course, phoned him to say that Eric would be unable to go, and Kenneth had sounded genuinely regretful. But he had declared himself still at her disposal.

He was glad of it now. It was a flushed and lovely Carol who sat beside him, her eyes bright, her print dress flattering every line of her figure. The brim of her hat, slanted at a dashing angle, lent a background to her profile. He couldn't help smiling his appreciation.

As they sped out of Grünewald she accepted one of his cigarettes. "I had an idea," she said, "you'd have to call off this trip."

He tried to sound shocked. "A Delane call off a date? Whatever made you think that?"

"The radio this morning."

"You don't mean they've been talking about me."

"Well, they reported the Brandenburg had hopped off from Floyd Bennett Field in New York yesterday and was due at Tempelhof at about noon."

"Oh, that!" He chuckled. "It will be a lot more fun listening to you than to all the *Heils* and *Siegs* over at Tempelhof."

IT was a gay ride, full of nonsensical chatter. (It's good to get away like this, Carol thought. It's good to feel a clean fresh wind sweep through your brain, to look out at rolling green fields and trees and up into blue skies. It's good to forget Berlin and the Blackshirts and that tense electric atmosphere. This is *real.* Like driving up the Hudson on a Sunday. If only Eric and Ricky had come along! . . .)

At noon, just outside Hanover, they lunched under trees at the inn Kenneth had praised for its *Gänsebraten.* And twenty minutes after they finished coffee they were driving along Frau Gerhardt's street in Hanover. It was a venerable avenue of squat gray buildings, quiet and clean and almost deserted, its few shops now closed. Its atmosphere, Carol mused, was as dignified as a cathedral's. The hush of a sunny Sunday afternoon lent it additional solemnity that made even the sound of Kenneth's car seem desecration.

He slowed to seek a number. Then he drove several doors farther and stopped. "Want me to go up with you?"

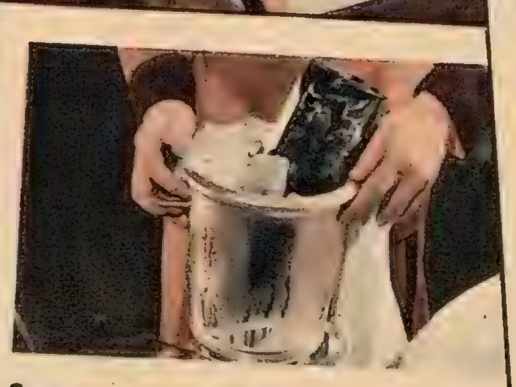
"Yes; please do." Carol's voice was strangely tight. She stared into the gloomy entrance with sudden misgivings. Now that she was here, she had the premonition that she was on the brink of something secret and awful and agonizing. . . .

And yet, there was nothing

(Continued on page 20)

"Look what my trip abroad taught me about American whiskey!"

1. **"Here's the Candid Camera Shot** I took of the wine steward we had on the way over. The first night out I said to him, 'Pierre, we put ourselves completely under your guidance. *You* tell us what are the best things to drink.'



2. **"This Is the Last We Saw** of a perfectly glorious bottle of champagne. Pierre recommended it, he explained, because for one thing it was so DRY—that is, so lacking in sweetness. Already I was becoming a connoisseur!

3. **"This Is the After-Deck Cocktail Lounge**—where we learned to apply that principle of DRYNESS to *whiskey*. We discovered that when you've come to appreciate the DRYNESS of champagnes and sherries, you also come to prefer a *whiskey* that's DRY—in other words, Paul Jones.

4. **"Joe's Cocktail Was More Zestful,** my highball more tangy, we found, when made with dry Paul Jones Whiskey. And, best of all, that distinctive DRYNESS turned out to be only one of *many* fine qualities that make Paul Jones a superb liquor!

5. **"And Here's My English Host**—warming up to some Paul Jones I presented to him. The delightful DRYNESS of that whiskey made an immediate hit with him! And say: I'll bet it would with *you*, too—may I prove it in the main bar, right now?"

Paul Jones
IT'S DRY

DRY means *not sweet*

Paul Jones
Blend Straight Whiskey
ONE QUART

Every drop is WHISKEY!
A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville and Baltimore.

(Continued from page 18)

to justify the feeling in the serene woman who opened the door of a third-floor apartment.

She wore a black dress relieved only by a gray ruffle of a collar. She had a gentle smile that seemed part of her lips. Her white hair emphasized the composure of a face at once beautiful and intelligent; the face of a sensitive woman and wise.

Ja, she said on a pleasant note of inquiry, she was Frau Gerhardt.

Carol, speaking German, introduced herself and Kenneth in tones that sounded halting. " Dr. Walter Gerhardt in New York," she said, " asked me to visit you."

At that the woman's eyes widened. For a moment they were incredulous. Then the unbelief gave way to joy. " Walter? " she repeated. " Walter? . . . *Ach,* see how I keep you standing in the corridor! Come in, *bitte,* come in! "

She appeared to tremble then. She led them into a spacious living room. A grand piano filled one corner, and on it lay two violin cases. Frau Gerhardt's eagerness, though visibly restrained, was unmistakable. She invited them to sit down.

" It is so good to hear from Walter! Tell me, *bitte*—he is well? "

" Oh, yes."

" And happy? "

" I think so." Carol said it with conviction. " But of course he's distressed because he hasn't heard from you. He wrote several times."

Frau Gerhardt was surprised. But her surprise quickly faded, to become a philosophical acceptance of fact. " I receive no letters here," she sighed. " I did not leave an address in Berlin. You see—" She checked herself and looked from Carol to Kenneth in wonder.

" *Bitte,* Frau Traub, how did *you* find me? "

" Why, we—we made inquiries at the *Schutzstaffel.*"

" Oh. The *Schutzstaffel*—" Her fingers found the glasses that hung on a ribbon. She gazed at them. *Ja, natürlich.* They know." She was silent. But when she raised her face again the smile returned. " You are staying in Hanover? "

" No; we just drove out from Berlin."

" Oh, but that is good of you! "

" I—you see, your brother-in-law wanted me to give you this." Carol fumbled in her purse.

Somehow she wanted to look away when the white-haired woman opened the envelope. There was something in that gentle astonished face which was not for the world to see; a dazedness, a growing happiness and amazement that could find no utterance.

" Thank you," Frau Gerhardt whispered. " Thank you. You—you must forgive me, *gnädige Frau.* You cannot realize what this means to us."

She faltered, finding it difficult to steady her voice.

" When you return to America, you must tell Walter how much we—appreciate what he has done. How much it will mean—to my daughter, and to Joachim her husband, and to the children. And you must tell him we are well, too. He is not to worry. But if—if he can find a way to bring Joachim to America—if there is a place in your country for a man like Joachim—" She bent her white head to look down at the envelope, yet not quickly enough to conceal the threatening tears.

" Joachim Ernst," Kenneth murmured after a pause. It was the name Herr Deckart had written above the address. " I've been wondering where I've heard it—"

Frau Gerhardt's head rose with pride. " He is a violinist. He used to be *Concertmeister* with the symphony orchestra. He has given recitals in Berlin and Frankfurt and Bayern! "

" Of course! " Kenneth said with a start. " I remember. I read his name on a government list of proscribed artists."

Her gaze widening in astonishment, Carol whispered, " Your son-in-law is Jewish? "

" Yes. And in Germany there is no place for him. Once his violin made Berlin weep. But they have forgotten that. They have forgotten everything—everything — except that he is a Jew."

She tried to steady herself.

" You will meet him—and my daughter. You must stay and have dinner with us. They will return by seven or eight."

Carol regretfully shook her head. " I'm afraid we can't this time, Frau Gerhardt. We must return to Berlin this afternoon."

Frau Gerhardt accepted the inevitable with her gentle smile. " I am sorry." She hesitated, searching Carol's eyes. And at last she spoke of the thing she had been evading, perhaps because of the pain it would bring. " At the *Schutzstaffel,*" she faltered, " they — they told you about my husband? "

" Yes, Frau Gerhardt. I—I was shocked."

Frau Gerhardt showed no bitterness. Gazing at the window, she said slowly: " Sometimes I feel that perhaps Hugo was fortunate. He had to endure their prison only a few days. Some men live on in them for years—for years . . ." Her voice sank to a murmur. And again it was rich with pride. " He was a great man, Hugo, a truly great man. You must tell that to Walter. He was a—*noble* man. He spoke from his heart, and with all his heart, to the heart of Germany. He dared to cry out, into the very ears of Goebbels, that Germany was committing cultural suicide. We were cutting out our heart, he cried, and replacing it with steel. And he was not speaking for Jews. He was a Christian—a devout Christian—and he spoke as a defender of Christian ideals. I remember his face the day the government announced that, instead of the Nobel prizes, Germany would have our own *Kultur* awards. And were they to be given for literature, for art, for achievements in humanitarianism? No. They were to go to men who built better warplanes, better military roads, faster automobiles to transport troops. German *Kultur,* they called it—*Kultur!* It made Hugo desperate. I have seen him weep like a child—"

She stopped. There was a hush that gripped Carol. In the end the spell was ended by Frau Gerhardt's own deep sigh.

" Yes, Hugo tried to make (Continued on page 22)

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AMELIA EARHART

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A life as wide and full as the air through which she sped begins in next week's issue. Told by the man who knew her best — her husband

GEORGE PALMER PUTNAM

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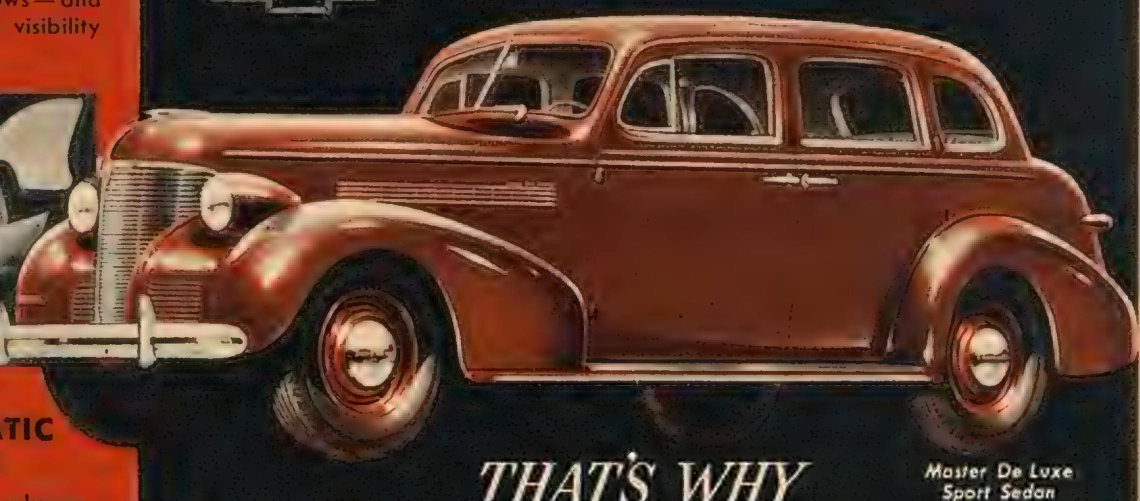

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(Continued from page 20)

them listen. But he was beating his fists on an unyielding wall. And when there seemed no other way left, he wrote. He had written many books, but into this one he poured all the passion and the wretchedness that were consuming him. It is a book that pleads with the world to wait, not to despair. Some day, he says, some day Germany will be itself again. There are millions of us who will reassert ourselves. It—it is a beautiful book—a book such as only Hugo could have written in those days before they—took him. The cry of a German Christian."

Kenneth asked in a low voice, "Where is this book?"

"I have it," she said simply.

"You mean in manuscript?"

"Yes. Perhaps some day . . ." She did not finish. She looked at them both gravely and said, "Sometimes I have dreamed of sending it to America, where they have published so many of Hugo's books. It will show your country that there are still civilized men in the *Vaterland.*"

Carol said in wonder, "I suppose it's impossible to send it to his publishers."

"It would not be let out of Germany. It would be destroyed." Frau Gerhardt mused over her glasses again. "In many ways Hugo was fortunate to die when he did. He could not have endured much more. Seeing his grandchildren driven out of school—he who loved learning and dignity above all else. They were put on the *Judenbank*—the despised seat for Jews—at the back of the room. They were left to themselves. Nobody spoke to them, not even the instructor. They were outcasts—outcasts at the age of six and eight. Lepers—" She faltered. "Forgive me. Please forgive me. You know these things. All the world knows them. But when they are your own grandchildren—the grandchildren of Christians—it is so hard—so hard—"

Frau Gerhardt rose. She turned her back to them and walked to the piano. For a while she stood there, looking at the violin cases. But Carol knew why she had turned away. She was too proud even now to show her tears.

After a time Frau Gerhardt whispered: "There is just one thing more I must tell you. I want you to know it. Then we—we shall talk of more cheerful matters. Of America, perhaps." She turned and looked at them, and now there was no smile on her lips; only a tragic dignity. "My husband," she said, "had his appendix removed when he was a boy of ten."

THE drive home could not reproduce the cheerful banter of a few hours ago. Kenneth Delane was thoughtful, his gaze fixed on the road. And Carol, her spirits humbled, had no desire to speak. The beauty of Frau Gerhardt's face hovered before her. It bore the same sort of smile, she reflected, that she sometimes saw on the features of Heinrich Traub. She wondered if it revealed the common patience and the common hope of a generation that had been swept aside.

The manuscript of Hugo Gerhardt's book, too, furnished her with a problem. For a time, in Frau Gerhardt's home, she had been on the point, impulsively, of offering to carry it to America. When she confessed this to Kenneth now, he said:

"I know. I saw it in your eyes. And I'm rather glad you did nothing—yet."

"Why?"

"You still have some ten weeks to spend in Germany. I don't like to be an alarmist, but it struck me that you might sleep more easily of nights—and your husband too—if you didn't have such a document in your possession."

Carol frowned. "You don't think anybody would search my trunks, do you?"

"Probably not. Still, all kinds of unpredictable things may happen in ten weeks. It would hardly be fair to your family to keep such a script in their house."

She pondered an instant. "Do you think anybody will examine my baggage when I leave Germany?"

"Of course not. You're an American citizen."

"Then if I were to get the manuscript on the last day before sailing—"

He looked at her curiously. It was a glance that asked many questions.

"I'm sorry for her," Carol explained bitterly. "I'm sorry for all of them. It isn't any idea of throwing another propaganda book into America that's caught me. I'm just wondering if the book could make any money. If it did, there might be enough to take them all out of Germany, to give them a decent chance at happiness."

"Are you sure they *want* to leave?"

"What have they to look forward to here?"

"*Der Tag.*"

"And starve meanwhile?"

"So many of them feel that this is still their Germany. They are willing to wait and suffer until it is restored to them. They cling to hope. They don't want to abandon a—a sick homeland they have always loved."

To that Carol offered no opinion. But the idea of taking the Gerhardt manuscript to New York continued to gnaw at her thoughts. It kept her quiet, preoccupied.

AFTER a long silence Kenneth Delane reached out to pat her hand. It was a spontaneous gesture of reassurance.

"Listen," he said gravely. "I've been here long enough to learn a few things. I know how you feel. If you want to keep your sense of balance in this country, you've got to try to be detached. Keep telling yourself that for every victim of Nazidom there are a hundred young enthusiasts who would not exchange it for any other form of government in the world. They shout themselves hoarse in praise of *der Führer.* He has given them jobs. He has given them pride in a powerful nation. It is wine to them, and happiness. Perhaps it's people like you and me and the Gerhardts who are really out of step."

"You don't believe that!"

"No, I don't. But if I hadn't kept telling myself that for two years I'd have chucked it all long ago in despair. It's the only way to remain sane—to keep a few shutters closed over your mind."

But Kenneth could not banish the burgeoning idea of taking the Gerhardt manuscript to America.

As they neared Berlin she regretted more than ever that Eric hadn't been with her today. If only he had been able to see Frau Gerhardt's eyes and listen to her, it would have been easy to discuss all this with him. She couldn't do much about the manuscript unless Eric understood and consented. It would be his risk as much as hers—if there actually was any risk.

They rolled into Grünewald just before six. As they turned into Havelstrasse she caught sight of Ricky—and she straightened with a quick smile. Ricky was playing on the lawn. Freda, leaning against a tree as she smoked a cigarette, was laughing over his antics—a lovely Freda in a sleeveless white dress.

Carol wondered if Eric had been able to finish with Fritz Kloster in time to make the promised visit to the Zoo. The way in which Ricky shouted to her and waved a joyous arm was sufficient answer. Obviously he'd had an adventurous time. His eyes were excited.

"Mother!" he cried as soon as she stepped out of the car. He rushed wildly into her arms. "Mother, you can't guess where daddy took me! You can't guess!"

"Let me try," Carol laughed, bending to kiss him. "Could it have been—let me see—the Zoo?"

"No, no, not the Zoo!"

That startled her. "Where *did* you go, dear?"

"We went before lunch, and we ate in a big restaurant, and we stayed for hours and saw everything. Daddy and Freda took me, and it was wonderful—with millions and millions of people! And we all said, '*Heil, Heil!*'"

Aghast, Carol glanced up at Freda, then stared back at Ricky.

"But *where* did you go, dear?"

"To see that great big airplane come down!"

Freda laughed. "We took him to Tempelhof."

Did Eric deliberately ditch Carol on going to Hanover with her so he might give his time to Freda? And is Freda set on capturing Eric for herself? What weapons besides her beauty will she use? Is Carol a match for her? Next week's Liberty will amaze and startle you.

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

MEMOIRS of our first movie vamp: . . . Theda Bara imparting some recollections to me at a recent cocktail get-together:

“When I did Cleopatra,” said Theda, “in the days of the old silent films, we had a dozen live peacocks on the set, and I wore a gown with eight feet of peacock feathers trailing along behind.

“As soon as the live peacocks caught sight of my peacock-feather train, they chased me with wild squeals of passion. I had to scramble up high on Cleopatra's throne to escape their ardor—which damaged the dignity of the scene beyond repair.

“The property man then doped the birds with brandy to make them behave; then they staggered around, taking comic falls all over the lot. Directors and cameramen went raving mad. You can't imagine such swearing. It's a good thing *that* picture *was* silent! We couldn't shoot it until our peacocks were sadly and soberly nursing their hangover headaches.”

Theda thinks old-style vamping has vanished from the screen forever, because sex is now a common-sense topic instead of an unmentionable mystery. She says, “The so-called vamp of twenty years ago would be classified today as nothing more nor less than a competent actress with the necessary *umph*.”

Wife of Charles Brabin, Hollywood director, Theda looks just as glamorous as she ever did. Still smokes cigarettes in twelve-inch holders of jade or ebony; still wears exotic boudoir robes with flowing velvet sleeves. But all that is merely atmosphere from the past. Cooking is now her real enthusiasm. Her dinners are famous. Her recipes for special dishes, written painstakingly in longhand, are collectors' items.

I'll give you one of them very soon.

☆ I know a rich little debutante who has learned something. That may seem improbable. It is true nevertheless. . . . She offered her spare time to a welfare organization; her smartest young friends were doing the same; a stylish charity. . . . She was assigned the duty of reading aloud, one hour a day, to a blind lady. The lady had not always been blind. She was elderly, but during younger years she had looked life straight in the eyes. . . . The rich little deb read to her without depth of sympathy or understanding—read merely the words for their printed value. The blind lady interrupted: . . . “My dear, you are blinder than I am. Reading should help us see life more clearly. You are not looking at life or at literature with a *seeing heart*.”

☆ This spring we'll be wearing the *three-in-one* hat, a complete novelty because of its usefulness, if for no other reason. Anything sensible in the line of women's hats will be brand new. . . . The *three-in-one* has a fine straw brim tilted up behind and down in front, with a stand-up headband of stiff ribbon. No crown. You can wear it as is; or with a bright foulard handkerchief tied round your head to serve as a crown; or with a big bunch of artificial flowers pinned to the headband so they spread over the top.

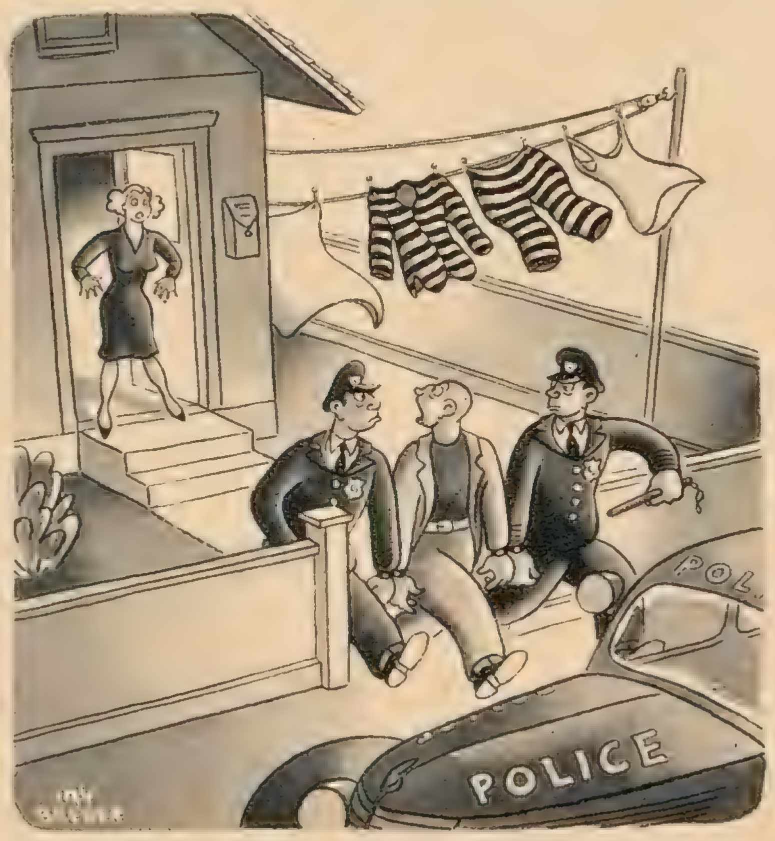
That makes three ways. But there is actually a fourth: with a dotted veil draped over the brim, then pulled tight under your chin.

☆ Reading Hester Pine's new novel, Beer for the Kitten, you'll be surprised to learn what can go on among college professors and their families. Hester is obviously a faculty wife who *knows*. (Published by Farrar & Rinehart.)

☆ One day this winter eight hungry kids from the streets of Sofia walked into the royal palace and sat down to lunch. Their hostess at the head of the table was four-year-old Marie Louise, baby daughter of Bulgaria's King Boris. The poor children tucked in heartily, but Marie Louise wouldn't touch a morsel of food. Next day the same. On the third day she surrendered and ate her lunch with the rest.

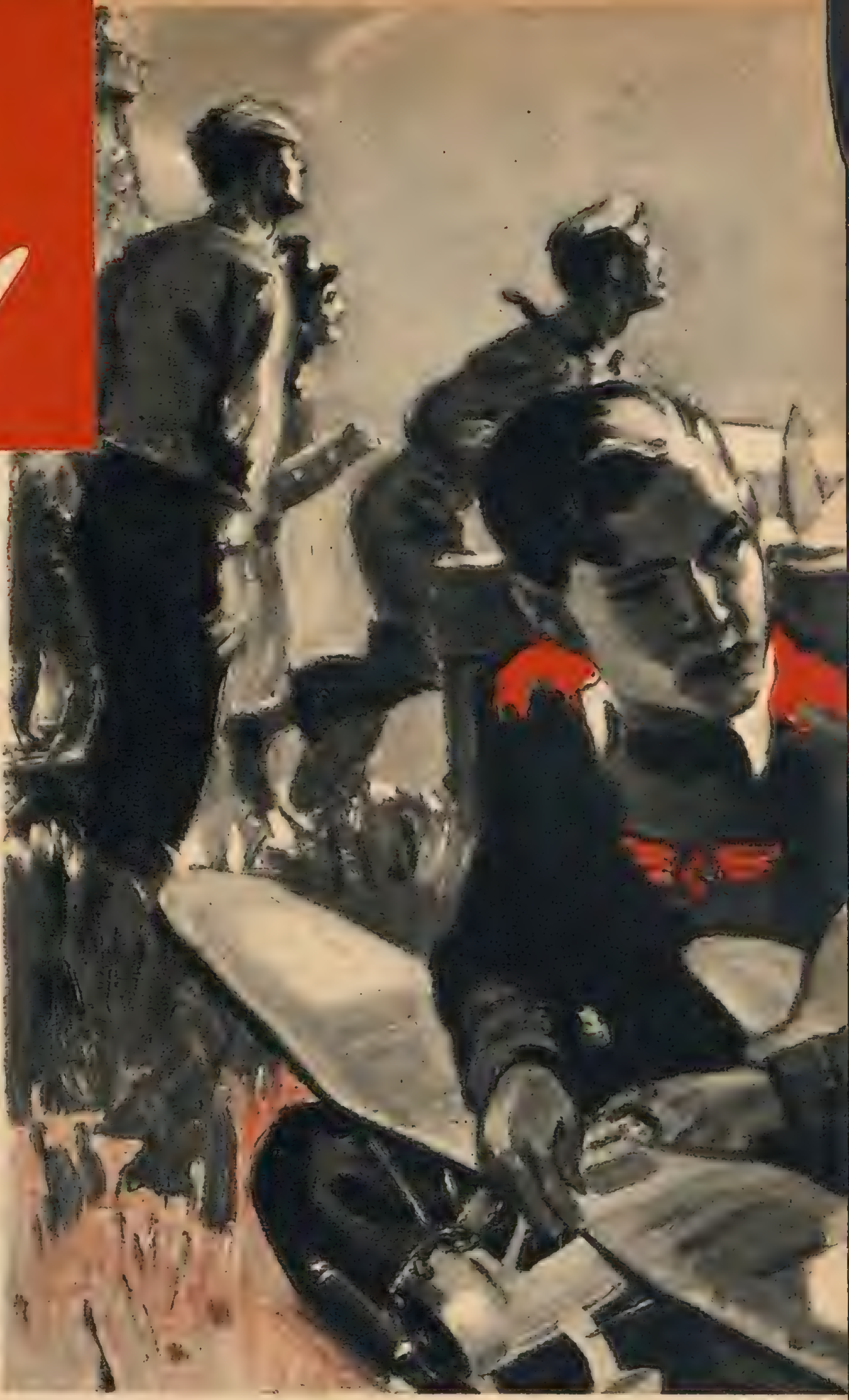
By the end of the week the little princess' lost appetite was completely restored. . . . A happy experiment for all concerned.

☆ Next time your man feels a yen to cook, suggest this recipe for *Creole liver and bacon*, a masculine favorite, both in the kitchen and on the table. Easy enough for him to make, it is nevertheless quite showy when served. . . . Dust 6 thin slices liver with salted and peppered flour. Brown in butter, adding 1½ cups thinly sliced onion (and 1 little snip of garlic if desired). Continue cooking for 5 minutes, then put in 1 cup canned tomatoes and 1 green pepper chopped fine. Now mix 2 tablespoons cornstarch with ½ teaspoon dry mustard, salt, pepper, and paprika. Dissolve to a paste in ½ cup tomato juice. Pour over liver in pan. Let boil up once, then lower heat and simmer for 15 minutes. Serve piping hot with crisp rashers of broiled bacon and mashed or plain boiled potatoes.



"Darling, maybe you shouldn't have laundered those clothes I escaped in."

PILOTS Don't Cry



BY RICHARD POWELL

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

PETER AMES, JR., came downstairs in a power dive. His arms extended horizontally from his shoulders and he was making a fearful droning roar. He was a monoplane. As his racing feet hit the floor he banked his arms steeply to make the turn into the dining room.

The small rug skittered away under his feet. He went into a sideslip. For a blissful moment he fell thousands of feet through blue air. The floor bruised his shoulder and burned his cheek as he slid across to the far wall. He lay trapped in the blazing plane.

"Peter darling! Are you hurt? Look at mother!"

His eyes opened reluctantly. This talk of being hurt was spoiling everything. When she pulled him on to her lap and tried to cuddle him, he sat stiffly, like a ventriloquist's dummy. Grown-ups were very stupid in some ways, so he didn't explain that he was dead.

"I'm all right."

"If you didn't run so fast you wouldn't fall."

He was outraged. "I didn't fall. I crashed."

She trembled and her eyes got big and black. "You mustn't ever play games like that."

He wriggled against her tense arms. "Why not?"

"Did I hurt you then, Peter? You must have bruised yourself. Does it hurt there . . . or there?"

He knew it would please her very much if he admitted even one small hurt. He was willing to please her, but it wouldn't stop there. She would want to put something on the bruise and maybe tell him to stay home all morning. That was a trick grown-ups did. They coaxed you to tell them something and then used it against you.

"I'm not hurt," he said.

"But if you were," she hinted, "and wanted to put your head on my shoulder and cry, right here, where nobody could see . . ."

"Why would I want to cry?"

She choked on a bubbly mixture of laughter and tears. "Oh, Peter, sometimes I think you were born old."

"I guess I was," he agreed. "And anyway, I'm going on thirteen now."

The maid came in from the kitchen and grumbled, "Mis' Ames, you gwine be late at the store."

"All right, Sarah."

Peter slid from her lap into freedom.

His mother fished in her bright reddish-tan pocketbook. "I promised you could go to the movies today, didn't I? Which one do you think you'll see?"

Without thinking, he blurted, "That one at the Royal with airplanes and things."

Her hand locked on the coins. "You can't go unless you promise it won't be an airplane picture."

Peter shrugged and agreed, even though it wasn't fair. She had said he could go to the movies. Now she wanted to change the rules, the way some boys tried to change rules when they were losing in a game.

He took the coins and watched her walk down the street. From the back you might think she wasn't any older than Lex's big sister.

He gulped his orange juice, rammed a few spoonfuls of cereal into his mouth, and put two slices of bread into a pocket. Next he hunted in the closet for his air pistol and box of BB shot.

"If you gwine out," Sarah complained, "you get back yere by twelve, or you ain't go get no lunch."

"I'll be on time for lunch," he promised.

And meant it. He intended to return by twelve thirty, when Sarah would really have lunch ready. She always tried to get him back a half hour ahead of time.

Grown-ups didn't even take the trouble to hide their deceits, because nothing happened to them if they were caught. But when he deceived them in return, he had to be careful. After seeing the airplane movie this afternoon, he would have to go to another theater and stand outside and ask some kid what the picture was about. Mother was sure to ask.

He wheeled his bicycle along the side alley. He climbed in the cabin of his bomber and roared up from the field.

His destination was a small flying field which he had seldom visited. He preferred the big commercial airport, across town, but they were getting strict lately. They didn't like you to ask questions and touch the ships.

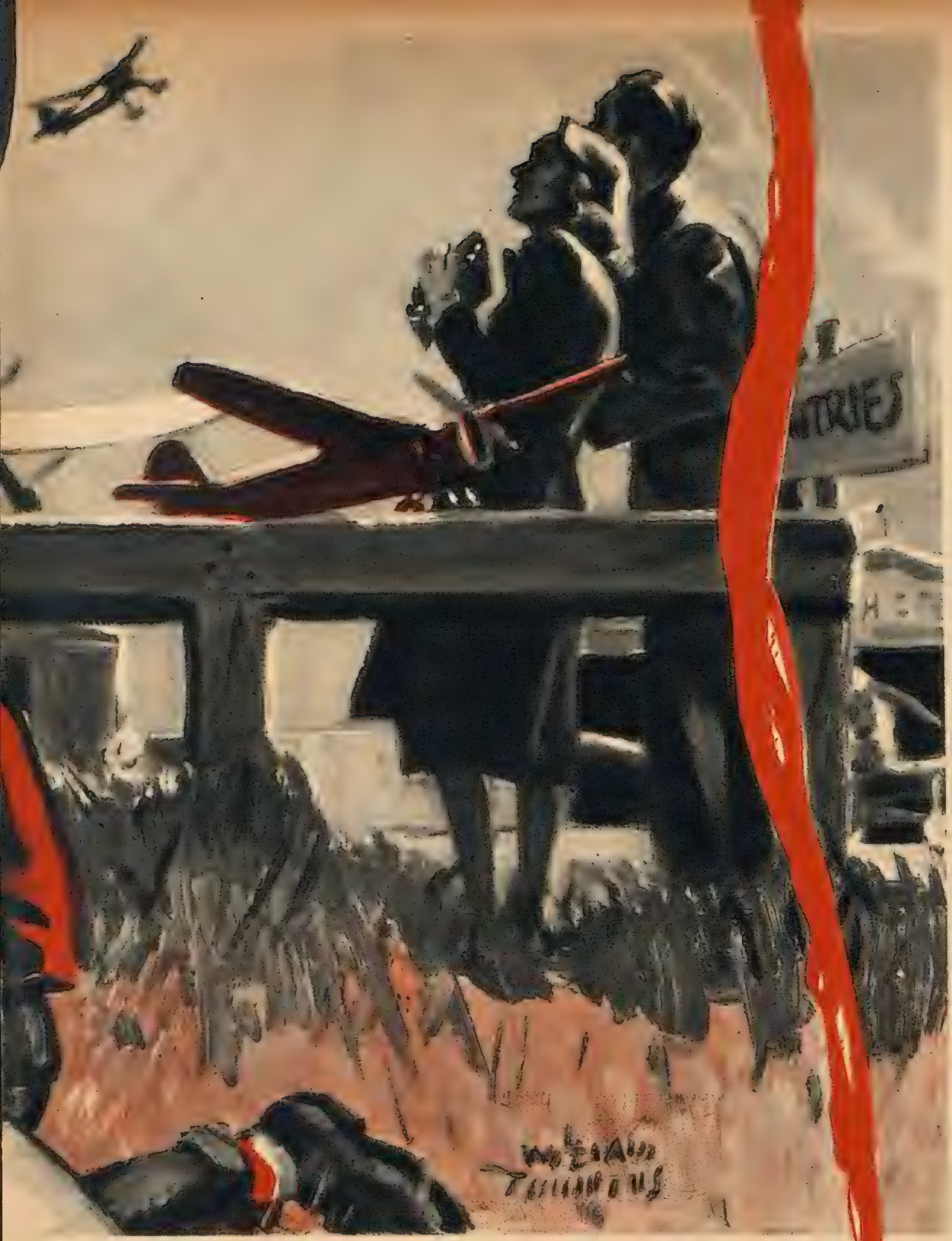
At first sight of the field he stopped in delicious surprise. There were twelve planes wheeling over the hangar. Twelve!

Then he frowned. The planes were toys. Rubber-band models.

Kid stuff, he thought scornfully, while envy bit him.

At home he wasn't even allowed to have a picture of

A tender, buoyant tale of a woman's legacy of fear, a boy's soaring spirit, and a man's understanding heart



Peter stayed behind and set the automatic timer to shut off the gas.

an airplane. There was a picture of an aviator, though. He guessed it must be pretty old, because the man was wearing a leather helmet and had goggles strung around his neck. They didn't wear those things in modern cabin planes. Once he had borrowed the picture to help in a game he was playing and his mother had cried awfully.

He locked the bicycle and crept into a patch of underbrush that grew right up to the side of the field. Some boys his own age were launching planes and recovering ones that had glided down. Others were working in a little shed built against the hangar.

He crawled as near as possible, took out his air pistol and loaded it with a BB shot. Now he was an antiaircraft gun. He loaded and shot again and again. One of the planes wobbled. Blue sky showed through a tear in the wing fabric. Then he hit the fuselage of another. It crumpled like a butterfly.

"Cease firing," growled a voice behind him.

ILLUSTRATED BY
WILLIAM TIMMINS

He scrambled to his feet and tried to run. A hand gripped his sleeve. He looked up into a tanned face topped by hair thinned and bleached by sunlight.

"Pretty good shot, aren't you?" the man said. "Too good a shot to be aiming at toys."

Peter looked at him suspiciously. The man didn't sound angry, but that might be another grown-up trick. He decided to tell the truth and see what would happen.

"I wasn't shooting at toys," he explained politely. "I was shooting at enemy bombers."

The man grinned. "That's what I thought. Know what I am? I'm an enemy patrol that sneaked through your lines. You're captured. Are you an officer?"

"A . . . a captain," Peter assured him.

"We always let officers keep their antiaircraft guns. But of course you're on parole not to use it any more."

The man started back to the airfield, limping slightly. Peter, quivering with delight, followed closely, afraid his captor might get away. The man led him to a bench in the shed.

"We always put prisoners to work in our airplane factory," the man said. "You're my fourth prisoner this year. Skeets here"—he gestured toward a boy working on a model—"was popping at the model planes with a slingshot couple weeks ago."

"Did you hit any?" Peter asked the boy.

"No. Almost, though."

"I hit two."

The man pointed to a redheaded boy who was just launching a model. "That's Alby. He was shooting with a real honest-to-goodness twenty-two rifle. Now he's given it to our club. We keep it to scare off the crows that come around sometimes."

Peter looked at Alby with respect.

"Suppose you try to complete this model I was working on," the man suggested. "Skeets will show you how."

He placed a half-finished plane on the worktable and hobbled away. The model had a wide, slightly curved wing attached to a central spar of balsa wood. In front was a tiny propeller which hooked to a rubber band that ran back along the spar to the tail. Only the wing and tail fabric was lacking.

"Where do I get a piece of the fabric?" Peter asked Skeets.

"It don't come in pieces. You got to make it."

He took a bottle of liquid and dropped some in a pan of water. The liquid stayed on top, spreading and coloring like oil.

“Now you lift it out on a hoop, let it dry, and put it on,” Skeets added.

Peter tried. At first the microfilm tore under his clumsy fingers. Skeets left his own plane to help. He lent Peter a winder to twist the rubber band.

Peter clutched the propeller until the last second. He was weak with excitement. The plane rose grandly for ten feet, then dived to earth.

The man came up, saying, “They all do that now and then.”

“It's broken,” Peter gulped. “And it was yours. If . . . if I left my bicycle would that make it all right?”

“You'd better keep that bicycle and get home to lunch. It's past twelve. You can come back this afternoon or next Saturday and repair it. Maybe start a plane of your own. Bring your lunch next Saturday, if you can.”

A bright vision flashed before Peter's eyes. Then it dulled. “Mother wouldn't let me. She hates airplanes.”

“Maybe I can drop in tonight and talk to her.” He took out a notebook and pencil. “What's your name and address?”

“Peter Ames, Junior, 5344 Cressin Avenue.”

The pencil point snapped and made a jagged mark.

“Is your mother's name Margaret?”

“Yes.”

“So you're Pete Ames' kid. All right, Pete. I'll be around tonight.”

After the man turned away, Peter whispered to Skeets, “Who is he?”

“Where you been? That's Mr. Carstairs. He builds autogiros, real ones.”

“Gee!” Peter breathed.

“But that ain't the half of it,” Skeets went on impressively. “He's president of the Pylon Model Aircraft Club. We elected him ourselves.”

Peter gawped.

He ran after Mr. Carstairs and called, “Am . . . am I still your prisoner?”

The blue eyes squinted at him, crinkling. “Sure thing. I'm just letting you go on parole.”

Peter nodded happily and started home.

He forgot that his mother would want to know about the movie he had seen. And so, when she came home, she decided he had gone to the airplane picture. She didn't believe his breathless story about a man named Carstairs who was coming to see her that night. Peter was sent to bed immediately after dinner.

Clumping upstairs, he hugged the knowledge that he had been wronged. If he had cried just a little, he knew, his mother would have relented. But he didn't believe in crying. It got grown-ups into bad habits.

HOURS seemed to pass as he waited for the doorbell to ring. Actually it was not quite nine when the sharp whir tingled up his spine. He stumbled from bed and ran to the head of the stairs, holding up his pajama pants by the untied ends.

His mother was babbling like a girl at recess. “I didn't know who Peter meant when he said Carstairs. Nobody ever called you anything but Sandy.”

“Had to dust off my last name to impress people when I started the factory,” he rumbled.

They talked for a long time about people Peter had never known. Finally Mr. Carstairs told her about the club and how he wanted Peter to join.

His mother's voice chilled. “I never want him to have anything to do with planes. That's why I broke away from the crowd after you and . . . and Pete . . .”

The man said gruffly, “He's the one who should have walked away from that crash, not me. Only I didn't walk very well. Still don't. Can't fly any more.”

“Tell me about yourself,” she said. “What else you've been doing and whom you married and all that.”

“Never got married.”

After that their voices softened, and Peter, up on the landing, shivered. She was going to get around Mr. Carstairs, the way she got around everybody.

Something wet gathered in his eyes and he rubbed it back angrily where it belonged. His head drooped, the pajama pants slipped, and he dozed against the newel post. He awoke, later, because the voices were louder.

RICHARD POWELL

began writing at the age of two with a dunning letter to Santa Claus. Not altogether satisfied with the answer, he turned years later to magazine Santas and did much better. Born in Philadelphia in 1908, he graduated from Princeton, '30, then, after working on the Philadelphia Ledger, came films and plays.

His mother was saying, “It wouldn't stop with model airplanes. He'd want the real thing later.”

“That's why he ought to learn all he can now. Before he climbs into a real plane.”

“He'd never learn!” she choked. “His father never knew what was behind the cowling. He didn't care whether he had a motor in front of him or a coffee grinder. Just so the plane flew. Peter is just like him.”

“I'll make a good mechanic out of him or make him quit, Margaret. Now, see here. Some of the boys are starting to build real gasoline models next week. Let Peter try building one. Then decide.”

There was a sort of angry crackling in his mother's voice. “All right. But if he isn't good, you've promised to discourage him. There isn't room in the air for second-rate pilots. And Pete was . . . was just . . .”

She was going to cry, and Peter had heard all he needed to know. He waded back happily to bed. The pajama pants were down at his ankles now, like boots.

For the next two months he was very busy learning how to build a gasoline-powered model. Fortunately school ended before his marks could drop below passing. Teachers didn't realize that geography was just something a plane flew over, and that the only interesting angles were the ones made by struts and wings.

Parts for the plane cost a lot of money. Even the cheapest engine cost twelve dollars. He scraped that together by selling his air pistol, catcher's mitt, baseball and bats, bicycle horn and lights. He even gave up the collegiate football that made him very popular every autumn. He gave up movies and candy to save his weekly allowance of fifty cents.

During this time Mr. Carstairs often came to the house at night. Sometimes Peter's mother was very nice to him. Her actions hinted, “See how nice I can be, Mr. Carstairs. But you don't want me to be nice, do you? Or you wouldn't encourage Peter about airplanes.” Then she would turn very polite and cold.

Peter thought it was very unfair of her to stay in the room every time Mr. Carstairs called. Obviously, Mr. Carstairs came to see him. It wasn't as if his mother and the man could be in love, like people in movies. Because they were old, both of them. In their thirties.

He was fiercely determined to build the best airplane in the club so that she would have no excuse to make him stop. Only three other boys were building gas models and he wasn't afraid of two of them. But Skeets, whistling happily as he worked beside him, was dangerous. He seemed to know all about planes.

One Saturday, when the planes were ready for trials, Mr. Carstairs called them together.

“We're going to have a contest next Saturday,” he announced. “The plane that stays up longest on a half ounce of fuel will win this engine. The winner can put it in his plane and take a crack at the city championship.”

He opened the lid of a box. There, gleaming in a nest of tissue paper, was a perfect model engine, three inches high. It must have cost forty dollars.

After admiring the engine until he sickened with longing, Peter stole away to a distant part of the field for a secret tryout. He fueled the plane with a half ounce of mixed gasoline and oil from a medicine dropper. His fingers spun the prop. When the motor was warmed, he set the controls for a circling course and gave the crimson ship a push. It trundled for ten feet, lifted miraculously, flew for three minutes and eight seconds and got up to three hundred feet before the fuel gave out. It took ten minutes gliding back to earth.

He felt pretty good about the performance until he saw the yellow wings of Skeets' plane high in the air at perhaps five hundred feet. There was just one hope. Maybe the yellow plane had gone up there on a rising column of warm air. Later he asked Skeets.

"She flew right up there," Skeets said proudly. "Ran over four minutes on the gas and climbed like anything."

On the day of the contest Peter's mother took the day off and came out to watch. She stood apart from everybody, tying make-believe knots with her slim fingers.

Mr. Carstairs tried to interest her in the planes and looked very glum when she wouldn't speak to him. That worried Peter. He didn't want his mother getting around Mr. Carstairs now, because he had a very special favor to ask. He opened the subject cautiously when the man came around to put the fuel in his tank.

"If I don't win," he whispered, "mother won't let me stay in the club. I won't get to see you any more."

The man's face twitched. "Don't be too sure of that. You might see me more than you expect. I'd be a lot more welcome at your house if you had to give up airplanes."

Peter asked in a panic, "You don't want me to give them up?"

"No."

"Then . . . then maybe you could put a little extra fuel in my tank so my plane would be sure to be best."

THE skin on the man's forehead pinched together. "Look, Pete. We don't do things that way. If your plane wins, it wins fairly. If it doesn't win, it's up to your mother to decide whether you stay in the club. That was the agreement."

He doled out the exact number of drops and walked away. Peter was stunned. He had never expected that when he put the problem squarely up to Mr. Carstairs, the man would talk about agreements. Grown-ups always changed the rules if they wanted to. It meant Mr. Carstairs didn't want him to win so that Peter's mother would be nicer to him.

Everybody was gathering at the miniature runway of roofing paper to watch the first plane take off. Peter stayed behind. He went to the yellow plane and set the automatic timer to shut off the gas after one minute.

Then he hurried out to watch the first plane. It climbed for about thirty seconds before the motor sputtered and quit. The second plane hardly got off the ground. At a height of two feet it sideslipped and nosed into a bush. Peter saw his mother whiten and turn away. She didn't like any kind of crashes.

Skeets was the third to bring out his plane. His yellow ship hummed down the runway and started climbing at a terrific angle, hanging on its prop. It passed one hundred feet. Peter bit his nails and wondered if Skeets had found the one-minute timer setting. But finally, at perhaps two hundred feet, the yellow moth leveled off. The blur at its nose dulled until the propeller began showing like wagon spokes. Even at that, it seemed to take ages to glide to earth. It landed after a complete flight of eight minutes.

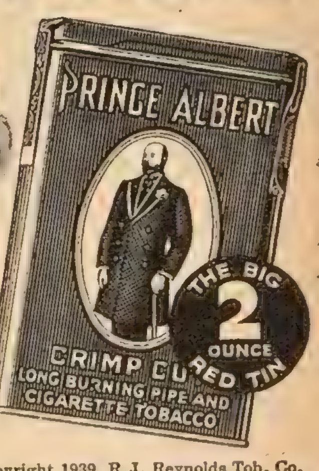
Peter unclenched his stiff hands and

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
NEW YORK TRAFFIC LIGHTS
GUESS WE MISSED THE TRAFFIC LIGHT, CHUBBINS--- I THINK I'LL LOAD UP A PIPEFUL OF PRINCE ALBERT
OH, I'M SO SORRY----!
OH, IT'S ALL RIGHT, EXCEPT THAT WAS THE LAST PIPEFUL OF TOBACCO I HAVE WITH ME
DO HAVE SOME OF MY PRINCE ALBERT
OH, ARE YOU THE MAN WHO MAKES THE LIGHTS GO GREEN AND RED ?
NO, MISS--THE LIGHTS ARE ENTIRELY AUTOMATIC--- EACH LIGHT IS KEPT IN STEP WITH THE OTHERS BY ITS OWN ELECTRIC CLOCK, MUCH LIKE THOSE USED IN HOMES
THERE ARE ABOUT 10,000 TRAFFIC LIGHTS IN GREATER NEW YORK CONTROLLED BY THESE 'ELECTRIC TRAFFIC COPS'---ALL WITHOUT INTERCONNECTING WIRES
DISC CONTROLLING CHANGE OF LIGHTS
MOTOR
COLOR CONTROL
LIGHT SWITCHES
THANK YOU VERY MUCH
NOT AT ALL--- THANK YOU--- YOU'VE INTRODUCED ME TO THE GRANDEST TOBACCO I'VE EVER SMOKED
IT HAS SUCH RICH, RIPE TASTE, YET IT'S SO MILD. THAT'S WHAT I CALL REAL PIPE TOBACCO
SMOKERS GENERALLY FEEL THAT WAY ONCE THEY'VE TRIED P.A. THERE'S NO OTHER TOBACCO LIKE IT

TURN RIGHT

FOR FULL-BODIED "NO-BITE" SMOKING

P.A.'S COOLNESS, SMOOTHNESS PUT NEW JOY IN YOUR PIPE _THAT GOOD, RICH TASTE ADDS EVEN MORE!
AND P.A. IS A REAL 'MAKIN'S' TOBACCO, TOO_ ROLLS RIGHT AND SMOKES EXTRA MILD WITH RIPE, TOBACCO-Y TASTE


PRINCE ALBERT
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

YOU SAY THE WORD ON THIS FAIR-SQUARE GUARANTEE

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

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SO MILD— SO TASTY! PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

brought out his own plane. It took off almost as neatly as the yellow one. Crimson wings flashed in the sunlight as it gained altitude. Fifty feet. One hundred feet. It reached the height the yellow plane had made, and kept on going. The motor had enough fuel for two more minutes, Peter figured.

Mr. Carstairs came over to him, grinning. "That's the flight, Pete. You've got it now. Knew you could do it."

Peter gasped, "I thought you didn't want me to win!"

"Sure I did. But only if you had the best plane."

Peter's throat began hurting like the time he had tonsillitis. His eyes got damp and he told himself angrily that it was from looking into the sun. He turned and ran to the shed so that nobody could see his eyes and get the wrong idea. Huddling in a corner, he leaned against something cold and hard. It was the twenty-two rifle they used to scare away crows.

JUST at that moment a mechanic began tuning up a real plane near by. The noise gave Peter an idea. He picked up the rifle, levered in a cartridge, and steadied the barrel against the door. The notched sight wavered across the sky and picked out the six-foot cardinal wings. The plane was still climbing. He tried to pretend he was an antiaircraft gun, but it was no use. He kept thinking about his bicycle bell and the catcher's mitt and the collegiate football. The sights blurred as he squeezed the trigger.

It was a miss. The plane continued its soaring waltz. He aimed more carefully. If he didn't hit it soon the plane might climb out of range. The rifle cracked. Up three hundred feet in the sky, the plane slued around as if pushed by an unseen hand. A flap of rudder silk fluttered. The plane shook itself and climbed.

Peter's teeth clamped on his lower lip to keep it still. He shot four more times. Then it happened. The plane flashed up in a half loop, barrel-rolled, and went into a falling leaf. A sober gray streamer floated back from its nose as the ignition fired drops of fuel from the punctured tank. Pale flames, almost invisible, danced back along the bright fuselage. It crashed, nose down, on the field.

Over the roar of the real plane warming up, Peter heard his mother scream. He forgot everything else and rushed out to her. She grabbed him hysterically, shielding him from Mr. Carstairs.

"You were going to teach him!" she cried. "Teach him what? How to crash? His father knew that lesson."

She turned abruptly, pulling Peter along. He broke free.

"It was my fault," he choked. "I shot it down."

His mother flared, "You needn't lie for your Mr. Carstairs. I never expect to see him again."

"Maybe it isn't a lie," the man said dryly. "Maybe it has something to do with that rifle Peter's carrying."

Peter looked at his fist and saw the rifle clutched in it. "It was Skeets," he babbled. "He had the best plane, but I fixed his timer so it shut off the fuel after a minute. Then you acted glad I was winning and I got feeling queer and"—he paused to take a deep breath—"and this time I guess you won't want to take me prisoner."

Mr. Carstairs asked, softly, "What do you think of him, Margaret?"

Margaret Ames squared her slender shoulders, sniffled once, and smiled. "I don't think he's going to be second-rate, after all," she murmured. "Not if you'll stick around and show him how to fly. And maybe, if you can steal time from him, show me how . . ."

Whatever else she was going to say was lost in a heartbroken wail. It wasn't really heartbroken. It was merely that Peter's control had snapped. He found a place where his head fitted under her arm, and sobbed.

Mr. Carstairs pleaded, "It's all right, Pete. Don't cry."

The woman tightened her arm around quivering shoulders. For a moment she allowed herself to comfort him, just as she had always wanted to do. Then she forced her arm to relax.

She announced, in a voice that dared Mr. Carstairs to contradict, "Peter never cries."

THE END

S.O.S.
SORRY, JACK...I'M CUTTING IN. BUT LISTEN, FELLOW, WAIT FOR ME AFTER THIS DANCE, WILL YOU? I WANT TO TELL YOU SOMETHING
I KNOW JUDY GAVE YOU THE HIGH SIGN, WALT!
BUT YOU DON'T KNOW WHY, JACK! ON THE LEVEL, PAL--- YOU'VE JUST GOTTA SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!
TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS
COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ... MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!
LATER...THANKS TO COLGATE'S
WELL, AS I LIVE AND BREATHE---IF IT ISN'T THAT DAILY DOUBLE, JACK AND JUDY, AGAIN!
NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HIS SPARKLING SMILE!
MAKE SURE THAT YOUR BREATH IS OKAY! PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH
Good Housekeeping Bureau

"You see, Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth. It helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans enamel—makes teeth sparkle. Always use Colgate's—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

SEND BRAINS TO PRISON!

For liberals with common sense . . . An eminent private detective offers a thought-provoking plan

BY GEORGE E. HARGRAVE

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

SUPPOSE for a moment that you are a member of a state Parole Board, and the following case is brought before you. Would you grant parole?

Here are the facts on which you are asked to base your decision: At the age of nineteen a boy committed his first crime, a robbery, in which he was accompanied by an older man who had served a prison term. The two were arrested and sentenced. The boy has now served eight years, and the judge who sentenced him, the prosecutor who tried him, the man he robbed, the boy's relatives, and a large percentage of the citizens of his home town present a petition to the governor asking executive clemency. Investigation shows that previous to his one crime the boy led a blameless life. His prison record is good, he has good family background, an average education, and a job to step into upon his release.

Certainly, you would reason, that boy will have an excellent chance of going straight. And the likelihood is that you would give him his chance.

Yet the above information was taken from the facts upon which John Dillinger's parole was based.

Just how was the Indiana Board that freed him to know that this lad, seemingly a fine parole risk, was shortly to become America's most publicized criminal? How could they know what he really was like?

The answer is that they couldn't—not on the evidence presented. And there lies a weakness in the parole system. Unless the crime has aroused the public's ire by its brutality, unless it has antagonized the victim, the applicant is able to pack the meeting with his own claque, and much of the information that comes before the Board will tend to be favorable. Even the evidence of a "good prison record" may not mean much, since it is almost axiomatic that the potentially "bad" men have the cleanest records. So well known is this that Parole Boards have learned to disregard records, except when they are particularly studded with offenses.

One of the greatest aids to Dillinger's parole was the petition signed by his former fellow townsmen. They had two reasons for signing that petition: sympathy for Dillinger's father, and their own memories of Dillinger as just an average kid around town who had been unfortunate enough to come under the influence of an older man. That estimate of Dillinger was absolutely correct — eight years before. But eight years in a penitentiary—eight years of being constantly under the eyes of guards—eight years behind the corroding influence of bars—eight years of malignant bitterness—what could those fellow townsmen know about them? And what could the Parole Board know—or find out?

Who was going to tell them that a majority of those eight years Dillinger had been under the influence of Harry Pierpont, the most completely "bad" man Indiana ever had? Who was going to tell them about the long nights in the cell when Pierpont dwelt at length upon the gentle art of bank robbery, while farm lad Dillinger listened with awe and an increasing determination to this leader of the most scientific covey of bank bandits the Middle West has ever developed? Who was going to tell them that Pierpont had fastened upon Dillinger early in their prison life as a likely candidate for membership in his future mob? Who was going to tell them that Pierpont, fully appreciative of Dillinger's cold nerve, early saw him as the *one* man who could be depended upon to send back guns to insure the escape of Pierpont and the rest of the mob? Who was going to tell them that Pierpont never once ceased his efforts to criminalize Dillinger? All those things happened, and Pierpont staged his sensational escape, rescued Dillinger from an Ohio jail, and came on to lead the so-called "Dillinger mob" in its flaming career across half a nation.

Could all this have been learned before Dillinger was paroled? There is not the slightest reason why it could not have been. How? From within the prison. From the guards.

At the present time prison guards are just that—prison guards. The job demands no brains; receives none.

Night or day, no prisoner knows when the sharp eyes of a guard may be upon him.

HEADACHE strains your NERVES

Take Bromo-Seltzer. Millions do!

YOU CAN'T PLAY WINNING BRIDGE WITH A THROBBING HEAD, JERKY NERVES. BROMO-SELTZER RELIEVES HEADACHE FAST—LEAVES ME STEADIER
ELY CULBERTSON
BRIDGE EXPERT

Ely Culbertson knows what iron nerves a bridge champion needs. He's a master of the game—author of the famous "Gold Book of Contract Bridge"—producer of Autobridge.

Headache disturbs your nervous system. That is why headache is best treated with a remedy made to do at least 2 things : : : relieve *pain* and steady your *nerves*. Bromo-Seltzer does both. Tests by a group of doctors have proved this.

Next time *your* head aches, take Bromo-Seltzer. It relieves pain fast, and you feel less nervous, more alert, less dragged down!

For frequently recurring or persistent headache, see your doctor. For the ordinary headache, keep Bromo-Seltzer at home always. Buy it at any drugstore, soda fountain!

BROMO-SELTZER

FOR HEADACHES

EMERSON'S
BROMO-SELTZER

They exist simply to march the men from the cell house to the mess hall for breakfast, from breakfast to the shops, from the shops to lunch, from lunch to the shops, from the shops to supper, from supper to the cell house. This round goes on day in and day out, the only variant being on Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays, when the prisoners are allowed to go to the athletic field, or to the movies, depending upon the season. And here, too, the guards mingle constantly with their charges.

A good guard will come to know very well the prisoners in his care. He knows that Smith, 14167, heard from home today: " Everybody's doin' fine. Say. Lookut this picture of young Jimmy. Boy, will he be a fullback in about ten more years! " He knows that things aren't going so well with Johnson, 18506; his wife is getting a divorce.

BUT that isn't the only type of thing the guards find out. They knew that Pierpont was a killer; they were pretty certain that Dillinger had been under his influence for too many years. They didn't like the way Pierpont, Jenkins, Hamilton, Dillinger, and the rest had of getting together over in one corner of the athletic field at every opportunity. It was no surprise to them when Dillinger began his career of bank banditry. They knew that the precise coolness and the studied efficiency of the Dillinger raids were the culmination of Pierpont's intensive tutoring.

And the point is this: With the guards being the one group of men who could learn most about the applicant for parole, they have nothing to say about his release.

The warden is only the executive; he is too far from the actual scene. The deputy warden and captains are in the same relative position. It's the guard out there on the firing lines who really knows the men, through constant contact with them. It is the information which only the guard can give which should be utilized by the Parole Board, *provided* assurance could be given that the reports would be intelligibly and objectively made.

I'll grant that a radical change should be made in the guard personnel before this system is adopted. In fact I strenuously advocate it. The job of prison guard could attract men of high caliber. Just because it never has, does not mean that it never will. Right today, in any large city, there are hundreds of highly capable, well educated men who are either out of jobs or are subsisting on much less than the salary of a prison guard; men who are jobless because of the depression, or because industry says they are too old; men with many useful years before them, forty-five, fifty, and fifty-five years of age. Many of these men have served great companies in positions of responsibility and trust, positions in which they formed the faculty for making decisions on matters of personnel.

Substitute these men for the present type of ill-trained, sometimes irresponsible prison guards. Let their trained minds amplify the work of a full-time Parole Board. Then, instead of prejudiced, outdated information being the basis upon which an applicant's fate is to be judged, society will have the benefit of at least somewhere near an even break. It would cost no more for efficiency.

There is nothing about the proper control of a prison which would present insurmountable difficulties simply because brains were to be introduced therein. The number of crimes that can be committed inside prison walls is necessarily restricted, and the new type of guard could learn to deal with them as well as—if not better than—the old.

The question arises as to the conduct of this less experienced guard in the eventuality of a prison break. The new-type guard will do the same thing the old-type guard did—run for the safest place in sight. After all, what can a hundred or two unarmed men do against a milling mob of two or three thousand? The sharpshooters are still up there on that thirty-foot wall, aren't they? The prisoners aren't going anywhere.

And the prisoners know it. A riot is simply their last hope of bringing some real or fancied evil to *your* attention. Maybe the coming of brains to prison might help to end the riots.

The thought is that by introducing brains to the prison, and giving those brains the privilege of a civil service rating, you will salvage two divergent types of men—industry's discards, who are still too valuable to lose simply because they have no union to fight for them; and society's pariahs, who beg for, and are worthy of, another chance at life.

YOU must make up your mind that it is not a case of how few paroles a Board can get by with issuing. It is a matter of trying honestly and intelligently to discover which applicants will keep their hands in their own pockets when released.

You cannot simply cease giving paroles. Every man in every prison, no matter what his crime, how much of his original sentence has been served, or the number of previous terms he has served, believes that he is a fit subject for parole. It is his one hope from the time he wakes in the morning until he falls asleep at night. Why else do you imagine those thousands of long-timers remain so docilely behind those walls? Remove that hope of release and raw hell will break loose. Every prison in the country will overnight turn into a seething inferno of riots, escape attempts, murders, slashings, and burnings.

Four out of five parolees make good. The original cost of keeping the fifth where he belongs would be no more. The ultimate cost of his release, judged in terms of lives and money and the breaking down of the whole parole system, cannot be estimated.

Brains *must* go to prison.

THE END

ENCHANTMENT ON ICE

The indomitable Miss Crawford dons skates (of all things) and enlivens an eventful pageant of motion

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 6 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

YOU are the critic! Each week ten dollars will be paid for the best review in 100 words of one of the films previewed by Beverly Hills. Put your own star rating on your review. From these ratings a reader-rating will be averaged. Later you will be able to compare Beverly Hills' prediction, Beverly Hills' final rating, and the reader-rating of each important picture. Send your review of one of this week's films to Beverly Hills, Liberty Magazine, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y., not later than midnight, March 8. The winner will be announced in the issue of April 15.

★ ★ ★ ½ ICE FOLLIES OF 1939

THE PLAYERS: Joan Crawford, James Stewart, Lew Ayres, Lionel Stander, Charles E. Brown, Bess Ehrhardt, Lewis Stone, Truman Bradley, Marie Blake, Mary Forbes, Charles Williams, Roy Shipsted. Story by John Meehan, script by Florence Ryerson, Edgar Allan Woolf, and Leonard Praskins. Directed by Reinhold Schunzel. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

JOAN CRAWFORD rushes in where few dare to skate—in Sonja Henie's chillily enchanting territory. Joan hadn't skated for years, but La Crawford is a determined young woman who will try anything.

Anyway, here is Joan as the feminine portion of a skating trio. She feels she's a drawback to her husband, done by Jimmie Stewart, and his equally proficient pal, skated by Lew Ayres, and she quits. In no time at all she's a film success, while Jimmie and Lew are trying to get a big ice palace launched in Hollywood. Then Stewart breaks his leg on the ice, loses his skating nerve, is literally on the toboggan. What will Joan do?

You'll have to see the film to find out how skaters get over thin ice in their lives. The Crawford limbs—no, Mr. Hays, we won't use the taboo word—are exposed neatly in tights. The result is—what's that, elder?—well, it *is* pleasant.

The Metro studios imported a whole troupe of skaters for the film. It's all colossal, the ultimate in skating.

Joan Crawford, Lew Ayres, and James Stewart in Ice Follies of 1939.

★ ★ ½ 12 CROWDED HOURS

THE PLAYERS: Richard Dix, Lucille Ball, John Arledge, Cy Kendall, Donald MacBride, Granville Bates, Allan Lane, Murray Alper, Addison Richards, Joseph de Stefani, Dorothy Lee, Bradley Page, Anthony Warde. Screen play by John Twist from a story by Garrett Fort and Peter Ruric. Directed by Lew Landers. Produced by RKO-Radio.

RICHARD DIX almost holds the Hollywood record for stellar endurance. There's Ramon Novarro, Ronnie Colman, Bill Powell, and Dick Barthelmess along with Dix. Richard has gone through the years, hitting the top now and then, as in The Vanishing American and Cimarron, always doing a steady, workmanlike job. A nice, two-fisted fellow, too, if you should ask your Beverly Hills.

Here Durable Dix is a newspaper reporter whose exposures of the underworld bring a miscarriage of justice—the brother of the girl he loves is unjustly sent to prison. So our hero gets the lad a parole and settles down to break the gang singlehanded. They're bad boys, running a big numbers racket; they rub out a city editor and a few honest bystanders, but in the end they have to reckon with our hero.

There's top excitement when the gang uses a ten-ton truck to wipe out automobiles bearing undesirables. Stuntman Allan Pomeroy drove the truck into a taxi handled by stuntman Cliff Bergere. *Wham!* at forty miles an hour, but Bergere escaped with a fender wrapped around his neck.

Blonde Lucille Ball is the girl who inspires Dix, Dorothy Lee does a return after two years' absence from films as a jazzy phone girl, and the picture reveals a new merchant of menace, one Cy Kendall. He was the metaphysical fireman in the drab Pacific Liner, the brutal school superintendent in Crime School. Here he's a genial, jovial policy-racket czar who is utterly charming as he takes his victims out for an airing.

The Inside Dope: Gang melodrama for those who do not question their film excitement too closely.

★ ★ ½ LET US LIVE

THE PLAYERS: Henry Fonda, Maureen O'Sullivan, Ralph Bellamy, Alan Baxter, Henry Kolker, Stanley Ridges, Philip Trent, George Douglas, Peter Lynn, Martin Spellman. Screen play by Anthony Veiller and Alan Rivkin from a story by Joseph F. Dinneen. Directed by John Brahm. Produced by Columbia.

THE manufactured melodrama of a redheaded taxi driver in a town not far from New York. The lad, just about to get married, and a pal are arrested as suspects in a hold-up murder, identified by witnesses, go to the death house. Then a kindly detective comes to believe them innocent and starts out to prove his theory.

Maybe you've seen something like this before. Maybe you don't care. Anyway there is a personable cast to this yarn of blind justice, with Henry Fonda, the superb Frank James of the film Jesse James, as the taxi driver. Maureen O'Sullivan is his sweetie, Ralph Bellamy is the sleuth with the hair-trigger intuition.

John Brahm, German-trained director who made the 1936 version of Broken Blossoms in London with Dolly Haas, directed Let Us Live as his fourth American film.

ACTS FAST

To Relieve Painful Discomfort of Colds

This Simple Way Eases Discomfort and Sore Throat Accompanying Colds with Amazing Speed

1. Take 2 Bayer Tablets — drink a glass of water. Repeat treatment in 2 hours.

2. If throat is sore from cold, crush 3 Bayer Tablets in 1/3 glass of water . . . gargle.

3. If temperature does not go down; if discomfort is not quickly eased — call doctor.

Just Be Sure You Use Genuine BAYER Aspirin. Do It The Moment You Feel A Cold Coming On

THOUSANDS WILL TELL you the simple way pictured above brings amazingly fast relief from the painful discomfort and sore throat accompanying colds.

Try it. Then — because any cold can lead to serious consequences — see your doctor. In all probability he will tell you to continue with the Bayer Aspirin because it acts so fast to relieve the painful discomforts of a cold. And to reduce fever.

This simple treatment, backed by scientific authority, has largely supplanted the use of strong medicines in easing cold symptoms. Perhaps the easiest, most effective way yet discovered . . . When you buy, ask for "BAYER ASPIRIN" — not just for "aspirin" alone. This way you know you get *genuine* Bayer.

PAINS—Fast-acting Bayer Tablets are used by millions on doctors' advice for prompt relief of Headache—also for pain from Rheumatism, Neuritis, Neuralgia.

Bayer-Tablets of Aspirin
5 grs. each
Genuine
BAYER
Good Housekeeping Bureau

15¢ FOR 12 TABLETS
2 FULL DOZEN 25c

The Inside Dope: Good actors in a made-to-order melodrama.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

The pictures are classified according to the reviewer's prediction. The figures in parentheses after a picture title show the final classification by Liberty's reviewer and the consensus of our readers' ratings.

★★★★—Idiot's Delight (4,—), That Certain Age (4, 4), Suez (3, 3½), You Can't Take It with You (4, 4), Men with Wings (3½, 3½).

★★★½—Jesse James (3½,—), Walt Disney's Shorts (3½, 3½), Sweethearts (3½, 3½), If I Were King (3½, 3½), The Great Waltz (3½, 3½), The Sisters (4, 3½), Spawn of the North (3½, 3½), The Lady Vanishes (3½, 3½), Four Daughters.

The weekly $10 prize for reviews covered in the January 21 issue of Liberty has been awarded to Howard F. Jones, 1315 South Grand Avenue., San Pedro, California, for a review of Jesse James.

★★★—Love Affair (3,—), The Three Musketeers (3,—), The Mikado (3,—), Café Society (3,—), Made for Each Other (3,—), Huckleberry Finn, Wings of the Navy (3,—), Persons in Hiding (3,—), They Made Me a Criminal (3,—), Honolulu, You Can't Cheat an Honest Man, The Beachcomber (3,—), Pacific Liner (3, 3), Zaza, Tail Spin, Kentucky (3, 3), Stand Up and Fight (3, 3), Pygmalion (3, 3), The Great Man Votes (3,—), Gunga Din (3½,—), Christmas Carol (2, 3), Trade Winds (3, 3), Dawn Patrol (3, 3), Out West with the Hardys (3, 3), Submarine Patrol (3, 3), Dramatic School (3, 3), Just Around the Corner (3, 3), Angels with Dirty Faces (3½, 3½), The Shining Hour (3, 3), Sixty Glorious Years (3, 3), The Cowboy and the Lady (3, 3), Gangster's Boy (3, 3½), Brother Rat (3, 3), The Arkansas Traveler (3, 3), Mr. Wong Detective (3, 3½), There Goes My Heart (3, 3), Service de Luxe (3, 3), Room Service (3, 3), Garden of the Moon (3, 3), Carefree, Boy Meets Girl, The Road to Reno, Sing You Sinners, The Crowd Roars.

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20 QUESTIONS

1—This week's early photo at right is of a columnist and Liberty contributor born at Chicago in '81. Although his surname is that of two Presidents, he usually sounds like an alphabetical government agency. Who?

2—Should one say: "Here is data"; or should one say: "Here are data"?

3—Who is editor of the famous Emporia Gazette?

4—In which country do wage earners enjoy national health insurance for about the equivalent of ten cents a week?

5—If swine is the source of lard, from what does tallow come?

6—How many states are named after U. S. Presidents?

7—Who is the well known son of Joe Yule and Nell Brown?

8—Most of the world's emeralds come from where?

9—Did Columbus make a fifth journey to America in 1507?

10—Which rare gas, discovered by Sir W. Ramsay, is widely used for advertising signs?

11—Who was Nancy Hanks?

12—Can you in ten seconds name 3 words ending in *dous?*

13—What is the second name of four of the Quins?

14—Which inventor, philosopher, and statesman was twice President of Pennsylvania?

15—The roar of Niagara Falls can't be heard when?

16—Which metal is the best conductor of electricity?

17—Which of the following republics are in Central America: Nicaragua, Costa Rica, El Salvador, Colombia, Liberia?

18—FDIC is which New Deal agency abbreviated?

19—When does spring start?

20—If Warner Oland formerly portrayed Charlie Chan, who plays the part now?

(Answers on page 52)

DARK SOUL:

The Secret of Coster-Musica's Crimes

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

PART FOUR—CONCLUSION

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

in collaboration with

WILLIAM HEALY, M. D.

Distinguished American Criminologist; Director
of the Judge Baker Guidance Center, Boston

What was behind this fantastic career, more bizarre than the strangest in fiction? Science gives you an answer

WHEN Humpty Dumpty Coster fell off the McKesson & Robbins wall, the pieces flew in so many directions as to make it seem reasonably certain that all the king's horses and all the king's men couldn't put him together again. Modern criminologists, however, have improved somewhat on the methods of old-time steeds and servitors. As you have seen in these articles, it has been possible to bring together in one place most of the fragments of Philip Musica's strange life.

This done, we can now, after the manner of players about to work on a jigsaw puzzle, spread them out on the table and see if we can fit them together.

The task is accomplished hundreds of times every year by students of delinquency and crime prevention in successful efforts for the benefit of the wayward child and the youthful criminal.

The unusual feature in this case is that we have a completed life spread out before us; that we are dealing not with a potential supercriminal but with a known one—which means that we can compare what did happen in this case with what we believe was bound to happen because it has happened in thousands of other cases presenting similar conditions.

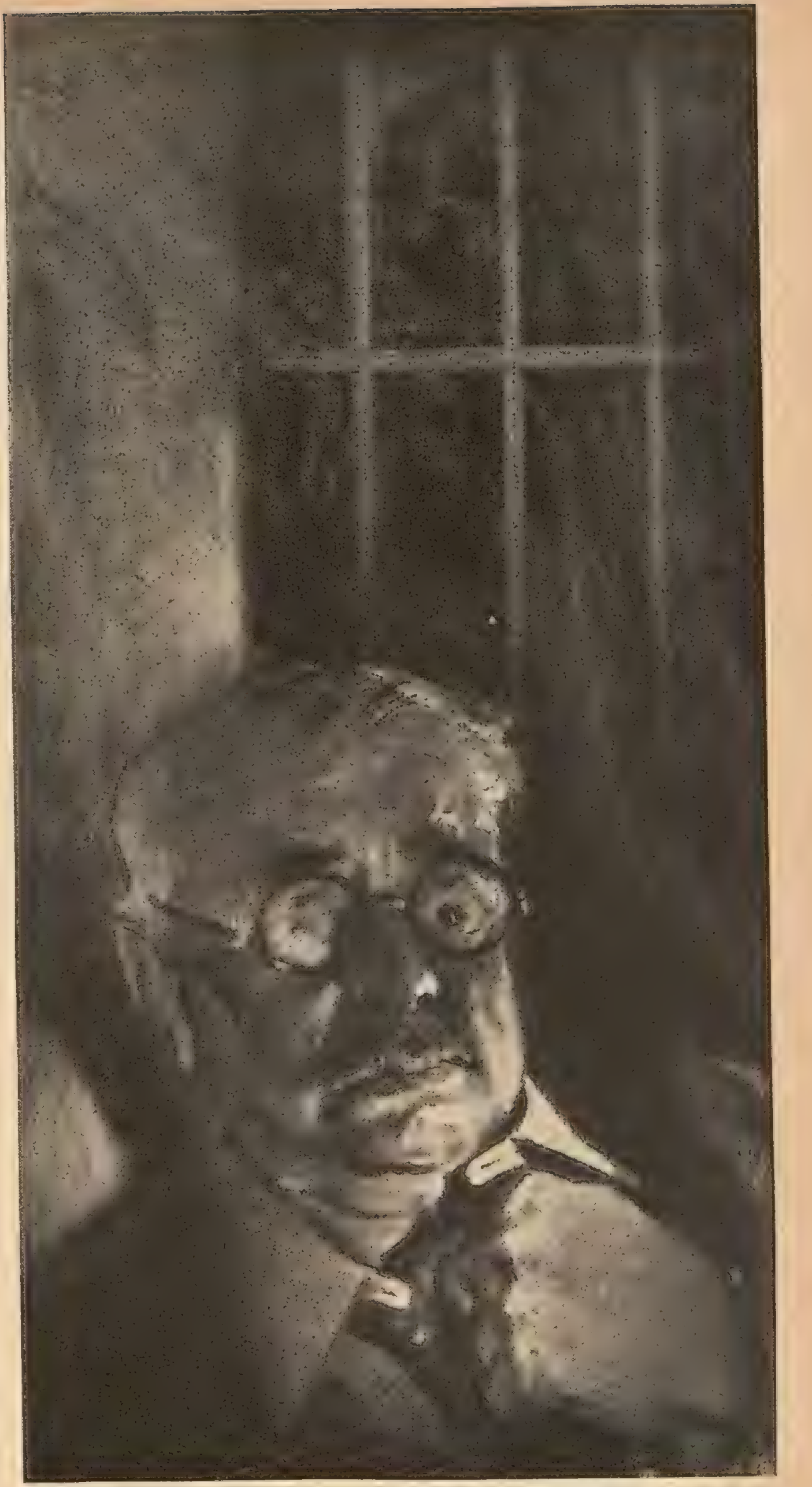
This is, so far as we know, the first time that such a process has been applied to an A-1 crook.

Most of the notorious criminal figures of the past lived and died before scientists suspected the relationships between early influences and later actions, or at least before they had developed scientifically dependable methods of determining those relationships.

Kreuger and Stavisky, the other two great swindlers of this decade—who might have been "explained" if any one had been able to gather sufficient biographical fragments to make worth while an attempt to piece together the pattern of their lives—have, because of the lack of scientific data, remained enigmas to us.

Coster we have caught in time. We do not know *all* about him—that would be impossible unless he were here to tell—but we know enough. We know him; the crook that he was *and the forces that shaped him.*

Of course no one fact or single set of facts tells us this story. For example, we have already noted that the Musicas came from Naples at a period when political corruption there was at its highest and respect for law and order at its lowest. This is an important fact but not necessarily a controlling one. Thousands of Neapolitan families, exposed to these same influences, bred children who lived useful God-fearing lives.



Simple self-assurance and buoyancy were Philip Musica's weapons. At last, when he lost them, he lost himself.

Nevertheless, the presence of these influences on a family whose later career was marked by bribery of public officials and defiance of established law cannot be summarily dismissed, because experience proves that the incidence of criminality is higher among children who have been exposed, or whose parents have been exposed, to these inimical forces.

In young Philip Musica's case the effect on the parents is the main factor to be considered. If born in 1877, he was so young when he came to America that the effects of the conditions under which he had lived his first six years could easily have been overcome. His father and mother, on the other hand, had experienced those conditions throughout their formative years and well into maturity.

Moreover, Antonio and Assunta Musica found in the Mulberry Bend section of New York City in the '80s and '90s many of the same evil conditions which they had known from birth in their native land. In fact, Jacob Riis, inspired historian of New York's lower East Side, used to call it a "suburb of Naples."

This too is an important point, but not necessarily a

ZONITE—THE FAMOUS ANTISEPTIC THAT CAME OUT OF THE WORLD WAR*

RAW THROAT
AREA

RAW THROAT?

Start Gargling Now!

At the first sign of a raw, dry, ticklish throat, gargle with Zonite. Gargling with Zonite benefits you in three ways: (1) it kills the germs connected with colds — *at contact;* (2) eases the rawness in your throat; (3) relieves the painful swallowing. If you're looking for antiseptic results, and not just a pleasant-tasting mouthwash—Zonite is your product! So be prepared. Get Zonite from your druggist. The minute you feel rawness in your throat, start gargling. Use 1 teaspoon of Zonite to ½ glass of water. Gargle every 2 hours. Soon your throat feels better.

DANDRUFF
ITCH

DANDRUFF ITCH?

Here's an Antiseptic Scalp Treatment

Here is a simple treatment that does what skin specialists say is necessary if you want to combat dandruff caused by germs:—

1. Add 2 tablespoons of Zonite to each quart of water in basin.
2. Massage head for 3 minutes with this Zonite solution. *This gives head an antiseptic cleansing — stimulates scalp — kills germs on hair and scalp at contact!*
3. Lather head with good shampoo, using same Zonite solution. (We recommend "Barcelona" Castile Shampoo.) *This loosens dirt and dandruff scales.*
4. Rinse very thoroughly. *This leaves scalp clean and sweet.*
5. If scalp is dry, massage in a good oil hair dressing. *This relieves dryness.* Do this twice a week at first. And later, once a week.

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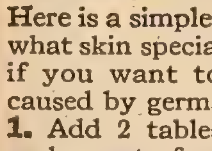
We are convinced that if you use this Zonite treatment faithfully, you'll be delighted with results. *That is why we guarantee complete satisfaction* — or your money back in full! Zonite, New Brunswick, N. J. In Canada, Ste. Therese, Que.



*Zonite is a clear, colorless, liquid antiseptic—an improvement on the famous Dakin Solution which revolutionized World-War surgery . . .

Use ZONITE for

FIRST AID • SORE THROAT
BAD BREATH • DANDRUFF
ATHLETE'S FOOT

controlling one. Thousands of immigrants settled in that section of New York and brought up children who were a credit to both nationalities concerned. In these thousands of cases something intervened—usually something in the character and standards of father or mother—which diverted the children of the slums from the paths of evil which stretched so invitingly before them.

First off, there would seem to be no reason why Philip Musica's parents should not have exercised some such beneficent influence. Decent folk on the surface, these elder Musicas, and indubitably religious. To be sure, not much could be expected of old Antonio. He was, as we have seen, a vain, pompous, self-indulgent little man, a good bit stupid, a great deal under the domination of a strong-minded wife, and wholly baffled by a language and a people he never understood. Yet, so far as is known, he lived to sixty-four before coming into conflict with the law.

So, even if Father Musica failed to help his eldest son develop what psychiatrists call a "socialized conscience," he apparently did nothing of an overt nature to put obstacles in the boy's way.

Moreover, experience shows that in the great majority of cases those attitudes and qualities which distinguish the good citizen from the bad one are acquired chiefly at the mother's knee. We are forced, therefore, to see if we can find the key to the Musica puzzle in the character of the family's strongest personality, Assunta Musica, known to Westbury, Long Island, as Marie Girard.

Philip Musica's mother is now a very old lady and, according to the family physician, a very ill one. If she knows—as she didn't for some time—of her son's disgrace and death, she is undoubtedly also a very sad one. In kindness to her, therefore, as well as in faithfulness to fact, we should say at the start that nothing said in these paragraphs should be interpreted as charging her with complicity in or knowledge of the later criminal activities of her son. All that we are interested in is the result of the impact of her personality on his during his early life.

WELL, what have we been told of Assunta Musica?

That she was an ambitious woman. Nothing wrong in that, surely. Many an honorably successful career has been born of a mother's desire to raise herself and her family above the level into which she and they were born. But we cannot blind ourselves to the fact that an insistent ambition, as a dominant note in the character of a dominant parent, tends to sow seeds of self-justification in using any means to an end, in the mind of an impressionable child.

That she not only refused to marry Antonio until he promised to desert barbering for merchandising, but that she "kept after" him until he accomplished what was apparently to him an unwelcome transition. Nothing wrong in that, either, unless, by nagging her husband and diminishing his importance as a family figure, she created discontent in the home and lack of respect for constituted authority as traditionally exemplified in the father of the family.

That she recognized in the unusual mentality of her eldest son the means of achieving quickly a social and financial advancement which, with all her efforts, she could achieve only gradually and moderately through her slow-going husband. Still nothing wrong, if, in exalting the son above the father, and increasing unduly his own estimate of his importance, she did not — unwittingly perhaps—encourage him to feel himself above the law.

Perhaps, in view of all that has happened, the reader may be left to draw his or her own conclusions on these important points.

ONE thing, however, can be said without fear of contradiction: Mother Musica, in her dominant position in the household, could either have put an end, by prompt and firm action, to her son's first criminal practices in the cheese business, or she could have dissociated herself and her husband and their younger children from this son, and thus made her disapproval self-evident.

She did neither; nor did the father. Instead, they moved to a more fashionable neighborhood, bought themselves larger and larger houses, and lived on their son's ill-gotten gains both before and after he was publicly exposed and sent to prison for violation of the law.

Since Philip Musica did not receive parental disapproval when his practices were discovered, it is a fair assumption that he did not receive in his youth parental warnings against such practices; and experience shows that if conscience is not acquired from either parent, the developing individual is in a bad way indeed so far as social behavior is concerned.

It is possible that their inaction, their complacency, their apparent approval of illicit practices was due, in the beginning, to ignorance either of the facts or the ethics involved. That does not concern us. The fact remains that Philip Musica obviously did not receive from either parent any effective impetus toward that "socialized conscience" which might have prevented him from pursuing a criminal career.

The apparently paradoxical fact that the Musica boys continued the religious forms and practices which they had learned as children does not weaken the conclusion at which we have arrived. Wrongdoers frequently keep their ethics and their religion in separate compartments. The profession of some formal religion is, to such people, often a method of escape or, one might almost say, of insurance: they hope it will protect them later on against the wrath of the Almighty.

We must remember that Philip had a strong emotional tie to his mother which made him all the more susceptible to her points of view. If the love relationship is strong, the child is all the more likely to accept the parent's style of behavior and code of morals. The only chance of offsetting these factors is through some powerful influence outside of this relationship, perhaps from the other parent or some one else who becomes a hero to the child. In such instances, the much loved parent with less desirable conduct tendencies may be pitied and excused but not emulated. That is not theory but the result of fact-finding in many cases.

In this case, the boy Philip undoubtedly largely identified himself, for good or evil, with his mother's ambitions and codes of behavior. In this respect, as well as in the love relationship, he never emancipated himself from her. Even in recent years he has been closely tied to her. All through, the "family romance" plays a very definite part. The boy from childhood showed himself capable of satisfying the mother's ambitions. He could and apparently did take his father's place in thus giving her the social and financial satisfactions which she craved. With such a weak figure of a husband, her ambitions were realized in this boy—and how this must have fed his ego!

On his side, the boy, with his fundamental urges for "affectional response" (which he has had all his life) and for "ego satisfactions," found these largely satisfied by his mother, who must have made him feel that he was the leader of the family. Even though she did not *directly* incite him to attempt success in criminal ways, there was almost definite indirect incitation in her ready acceptance of his largess.

The fact that Philip did not need to get married until so late because he was satisfied with his mother's affectionate approval is also very significant. And when he did marry, he chose the type of able, self-sufficient woman who promptly became another mother for him.

Moreover, there was a distinctly feminine side to Coster himself. He is said to have had an almost maternal love of children. He certainly had a great deal of sympathy with his wife, a sympathy in tremendous contrast to his hard business attitudes, as well as a desire for her advice and guidance that seems much more feminine than masculine.

There is, therefore, much in Philip Musica's later career and character development that harks back to the important part played by the relationship between him and his mother. We do not say that there was exactly a "mother fixation," but evidently there was a great deal of identification of their interests. One would not hazard too much in stating that his mother must have influenced him very deeply by her ambition and her apparent lack of ethical teaching, certainly along those lines which were so extremely important in his development.

OF course Coster's own native intelligence was also a big factor in his career. Not only have we the reports about his high intelligence early in life, as displayed in school and in the family and in the neighborhood, but we have confirmation in the records of Elmira Reformatory. Then, too, we realize that he must have had great imaginative powers. He could plan, scheme, organize. He really was the "smart boy" in the family and in the neighborhood and very soon in the business.

It was through this part of his endowment that he became the commanding crown prince of the family.

His belief in his own capabilities, and consequent scorn of restrictions imposed by others, was readily built up through his demonstrated cleverness, his enjoyment of this superiority, and the "ego aggrandizement" which he also enjoyed through being able to dominate his less bright father and brothers and sisters. He must also have enjoyed the special favor given him by his mother, as well as the general kudos which, according to accounts, he received from neighbors and friends. His position in the family, so early obtained, was easily retained over the years by his provision for his family and protection of them. It all fits in with his ego development.

The second big point that we notice is that, like so

PEP-O-MINT
LIFE SAVERS

"If you're trying to take a man's breath away . . . don't let your breath take your man away. Keep it sweet with LIFE SAVERS!"

"A bright girl never lets a dull taste linger. Freshen up your mouth with MOLAS-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS!"

"When it comes to something good to eat, I'll take PEP-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS! I love their real mint flavor . . . just like fresh-picked mint leaves wet with dew!"

"Everybody's breath offends sometimes, after eating, smoking, or drinking. Let LIFE SAVERS save yours."

13 delicious mint and fruit flavors.
Sold everywhere, 5¢

many swindlers, he possessed to a marked degree optimism and buoyancy. He easily ingratiated himself through these traits. He always came up smiling. Illustrations could be given to show that swindlers, even those beginning their careers in the early teens, have just the same ingratiating characteristics, combined with the same language facility. The combination is a great asset in many kinds of success and particularly where cheating and swindling is involved.

It was especially notable also in the case of Ivar Kreuger. In fact, the descriptions of the two men given by their respective intimates are in this respect strikingly similar.

When cheerfulness and buoyancy are combined with the lack of an adequately developed social conscience, the individual doesn't feel any deep discontent with himself because of his antisocial behavior or because of punishment received. This has been noted particularly in forgers, cheats, and swindlers. One would have supposed that at Elmira Philip would have been downcast, but he was far from being so. We note in the report from Elmira not only lack of remorse but also quiet aggressiveness and cocksureness. And then, his intelligence led him to behave very well. He showed nothing of the recalcitrancy that many another type of criminal shows. He readily set about improving himself by working in the clerical department and by taking a course in stenography at Elmira.

Now, none of this indicates in the least that Philip was in any way abnormal or a born criminal. With different parental standards and ideals he might well have utilized all of these qualities to the end of making himself legitimately a success in the business world.

Innate powers of imagination, however, readily feed what is called the "phantasy life," which is so vastly important. Many gathered facts show the type of phantasy in which Philip must earlier have indulged, phantasies about things to which he aspired: wealth, association with rich people, social life, horses and carriages. We know that at Elmira he had put himself down as a college man. He associated with Caruso and Scotti, he went to the opera, he joined clubs some of which were of no particular business value to him, he acquired a yacht although he was anything but a sailor, he described himself grandiosely in Who's Who, etc. There is every reason to believe that this phantasy of being a wealthy and prominent individual started very early with him and greatly influenced his subsequent career.

From all of which it is clear that Philip Musica very early had various types of positive "conditioning" which would easily lead him to take up with the ideas of getting rich even by dishonest practices—ideas which he might well have derived from his youthful environment in New York, in some particular way of which we have no definite knowledge. What we do know definitely is that he did readily and without compunction seize upon these ideas.

As time went on, he gained much pleasurable recognition from dressing well, having money, etc. Besides, he continued to have "ego and affectional satisfactions" through his family life. He showed great need for these, particularly for ego inflation. He was not content to live at anything like the level to which he was born. But, especially in later years, he assumed a quiet and dignified mode of living. He wasn't a cheap high flyer.

Evidently from his youth he wanted to associate with the better class of society people. He must have gained immense satisfactions from his ability to accomplish this at various times. And these in turn intensified his feeling that the king could do no wrong, or that if he did he wouldn't get caught at it, or that, if caught, he could wriggle out by his own cleverness.

There would seem to be no doubt that the man felt considerable self-satisfaction just in the demonstration of his own cleverness, especially in being successful for long periods at different times. He certainly was clever in other ways than merely eluding the law. This type of satisfaction was in direct continuation of his early satisfaction in being the "smart boy."

The playing-with-fire idea comes in here. He found he could go a tremendous distance facing danger and still avoiding it. One wonders whether he did not have inward mirth about it all.

But here again we come upon a characteristic that must have been constitutional. Many men suffer inwardly a great deal from misdoing. They are thrown into states of great anxiety. They yield up conscience money, or show by their very facial expression how much they suffer even for small misconduct. But this man must have had a consistent state of wellbeing which, in addition to his lack of socialized conscience, enabled him to withstand any inner effects of his wrongdoing.

Surely at times he must have felt that he was living with a sword hanging over his head. Yet his constitutional tendency to be free from anxiety prevented him from being markedly apprehensive; in fact, it must have been an essential for his continuing his career. Combined with his natural "extravert" cheerfulness and buoyancy—the assets of so many swindlers and forgers—this exemption from both worry and remorse rendered him very nearly unbeatable in his chosen field.

But why, a good many people ask, should so smart a man have gone on repeating himself instead of inventing new ways of gaining his ends?

This question brings up a matter well known to psychiatrists, which nobody seems to have taken the trouble to explain to the laity. We refer to the compulsion to repetition.

That this man was, in this respect, the victim of his own compulsions is shown by his predominating notion about the value of documents, false entries, etc., as persuasive material. He even carried a document to prove he was a Catholic. All this was not merely a trick but also a recurrent compulsive idea which remained as an undercurrent from his earlier days.

To the superficial observer it would seem as if his repetition of his special types of misconduct were due to his having developed a special technique with regard, for example, to false entries. But here was a man who could well have succeeded in other ways, and had been punished for things done in this way—yet, quite unnecessarily, he went right on taking the same chances in substantially the same way.

There is in all human beings an automatic type of reactive tendency that might perhaps be termed the principle of repetition. A kind of canalization takes place in the reactive tendencies, perhaps even in the central nervous system, which leads the person to repeat, in one form or another, experiences which have originally had a strong emotional context or association.

Criminologists continually meet cases where the individual, even after experiencing disasters and punishments, admits that he cannot get away from the recurrent idea of some particular form of criminality, such, for example, as forging. After having once engaged in it, with at first a good deal of emotional disturbance, not a few individuals have made it clear that the idea keeps cropping up. Repetition of such misconduct often takes place because of this compulsive recurrent idea.

In Coster's case, this factor not only tended to make him stick to one general form of criminality instead of

The Queen of Spades

was led by West to a declaration of six no trumps.

♠ K 3 2
♡ K 4 2
♢ 5 3
♣ A Q 10 8 4

N.

♠ Q J 10 7 6
♡ Q J 9 7 6 3
♢ 10
♣ K

W. E.

♠ 9
♡ NONE
♢ 9 7 6 4 2
♣ J 9 7 6 5 3 2

S.

♠ A 8 5 4
♡ A 10 8 5
♢ A K Q J 8
♣ NONE

This may appear like a simple deal, but the fate of a nation depended on the correct play.

It is not presented as a double-dummy problem, but a deal to be played as in a real game, with only south and dummy hands exposed.

Try it—then watch in next week's Liberty for the correct solution of it in the intriguing short story

HIGH STAKES
by
SIDNEY S. LENZ
The Famous Bridge Maestro

throwing off suspicion by varying his methods, but it was one cause for his continuance in criminal activities.

Of course the early formation of external associations and contacts with other dishonest people (at this writing his reported link with Dutch Schultz is being probed) created more or less of a web around him, from which he could hardly escape unless he pulled out and went elsewhere. This is a very common situation with criminals who have involved themselves with others.

But Coster certainly never made any great attempt to break away. If he had had a strong enough desire to go straight, he could have escaped from the situation. For example, he could have managed very well when he had that $200,000 derived from the hair tonic business.

Obviously, he also got much private enjoyment out of the sheer power demonstrated as the result of his own personality qualities, as Kreuger must have done. The crown prince attitude gradually merged into that of the monarch—the dominant figure of a great business concern.

But was Musica *always* as completely successful in fooling others as he thought? And was Kreuger?

EVERYBODY knows how Kreuger sold himself, and his ventures, through his remarkable personality. But we know that a certain banker in Paris, who repeatedly conferred with Kreuger, conceived what he called an indescribable and vague feeling about the man, not in the least based on knowledge of any of his discreditable transactions, that led the banker positively to reject what appeared to be extremely good opportunities for entering into business affairs with him. This was the same banker who said he never could blame any one for accepting Kreuger's own statements—honesty seemed embodied in Kreuger. Only, for some reason, he himself sensed something different.

Only a short time ago a certain professional man met Coster socially one evening, and, as the result of some indefinable impressions he received, the very next day he ordered his broker to dispose of all of his McKesson & Robbins holdings. This, too, was in direct contradiction to general impressions. Contacts with Coster usually had the effect summed up in this statement that we know was made by a shrewd New Englander:

"If Coster had come to me advising that I sell everything I had in the world and buy McKesson & Robbins stock with the proceeds, I would willingly have done so."

All of which proves again how vital to this man's career were the simple self-assurance and buoyancy which he possessed to such a remarkable degree. In any business they would have been useful. In his swindling business they were essential.

They were Philip Musica's weapons of offense and defense. At the last, when he lost them, he lost himself!

THE END

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REHEARSAL FOR *Love*

Swift, unexpected drama strikes across the path of romance in a brilliant novel of today and the magic, tragic dreams of youth

BY FAITH BALDWIN

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATED BY ROY SPRETER

WHEN Kathleen Roberts promises to marry Patrick Bell, the handsome young contractor to whom she has recently become personal secretary, she knows very little about him, except that he is more dynamic and more attractive to her than any man she has met. It comes as a shock, then, when she discovers that he has had an affair with Sandra, a blonde singer. He makes light of the matter and Kathleen tries to forget, but there is a cloud across her happiness.

Hannah Arnold, the sophisticated dress designer with whom Kathleen is living while her parents are away on a cruise, tells her that it is foolish to expect perfection in any man. Hannah is sincere in her attitude, but she also has a personal interest in preventing a break-up between Pat and Kathleen. For Paul McClure, a playwright with whom Hannah is in love, has fallen in love with Kathleen, and Hannah realizes that her one chance of winning him will burst like a bubble if Kathleen is free.

Soon after learning about Sandra, Kathleen receives a second shock. Some things she has overheard in the office have led her to believe that Pat is conniving with powerful politicians to get a subway contract by unfair means. A talk with Jim Haines, Pat's confidential man, confirms her suspicions. Jim is unaware that he has let drop anything he shouldn't, and Kathleen dismisses the subject from his mind by offering to go with him to visit his wife, who has been in an insane asylum for years.

She taxes Pat with the matter of the contract that night, however, and his manner convinces her that she has been right in suspecting him of dishonesty. She tells him:

"If you go through with this job the way you have planned it, Pat, I won't marry you. And that's final."

PART SEVEN—"I WAS HIS GIRL, TOO—"

PAT looked at Kathleen with blank incredulity. Then he began to laugh.

"But that's marvelous!" he said. "That's—"

Then he saw her face. His laughter died and there was a brief silence. He asked finally:

"Did you mean that?"

"Yes, Pat."

He said, quite gently:

"But you're being silly, darling. You're—forgive me—meddling in things you don't understand at all."

"I understand enough," she said slowly. "I realize you didn't engage me as your secretary to understand. I was to fill a—decorative position . . . personal secretary, social secretary. But any one, Pat, with a modicum of intelligence can put two and two together and make—"

"Eight," he interrupted swiftly. "You're crazy, darling." He leaned back and his mouth relaxed. He said, "Crazy and silly and I love you. But this is out of your province. Also you are jumping at conclusions. I—we aren't out of order. We'll submit the lowest bid, I hope. We'll get the job and we'll complete it. It will be a good job, Kathleen—the best."

Looking at his open face, she could almost believe him.

People came in whom she knew, sat at the next table, leaned over to speak to her, to ask how her parents were, her aunt. . . .

She said presently, "We can't talk here, Pat."

"Of course not. Hannah home this evening?"

"I think not."

"Then suppose I come back with you?"

She hesitated for a moment. She had not encouraged his coming to the apartment when Hannah was not there. And she was, she knew with a tightening of her heart, afraid to have him come now, of all times. But because she was, she lifted her chin a little and her eyes shone with defiance. Not of him but of herself. She said, "All right, Pat. . . ."

"Good." He smiled at her, and beckoned the waiter. "Check, please," he said.

He was entirely at his ease. It wasn't assumed, she thought unhappily. Either he believed in his ability to win her over, or else he believed that he had nothing to fear. Or else, she thought further, he doesn't see, he *can't* see that what he is doing is all wrong. . . .

Now she could remember a hundred little things. She could remember laughter in the office . . . knowing laughter . . . "He's put it over again! He's a wonder!" She thought of the jobs he obtained for people—some of whom could be helpful to him—and of his relations with certain politicians . . . "Kathleen, get me six seats for the Music Box, will you, for Dan McClaren?" . . . "Kathleen, write So-and-So and get two more seats for the Army-Navy; Petterson wants to go." . . . Oh, a lot of things like that. Small, seemingly unimportant favors for his friends.

Then there was the checkbook in the safe, his special account. She did not see it, nor handle it. She saw the statements come in each month, and the checks. . . . "Just leave it on my desk, I'll check it over," he said at the beginning of their association. She balanced the personal account but never the special. . . .

Why a special account? Why not just his own and the company's? For he *was* the company.

They left the restaurant and drove to Hannah's. Inserting her key in the lock, she hoped frantically that Hannah was home, after all. But the apartment was empty.

She said, over her shoulder, "Go into the kitchen, Pat. Mix yourself a drink while I take off my wraps."

When she came back Pat was sitting on the big couch. His highball stood on a small table.

"Come here," he ordered.

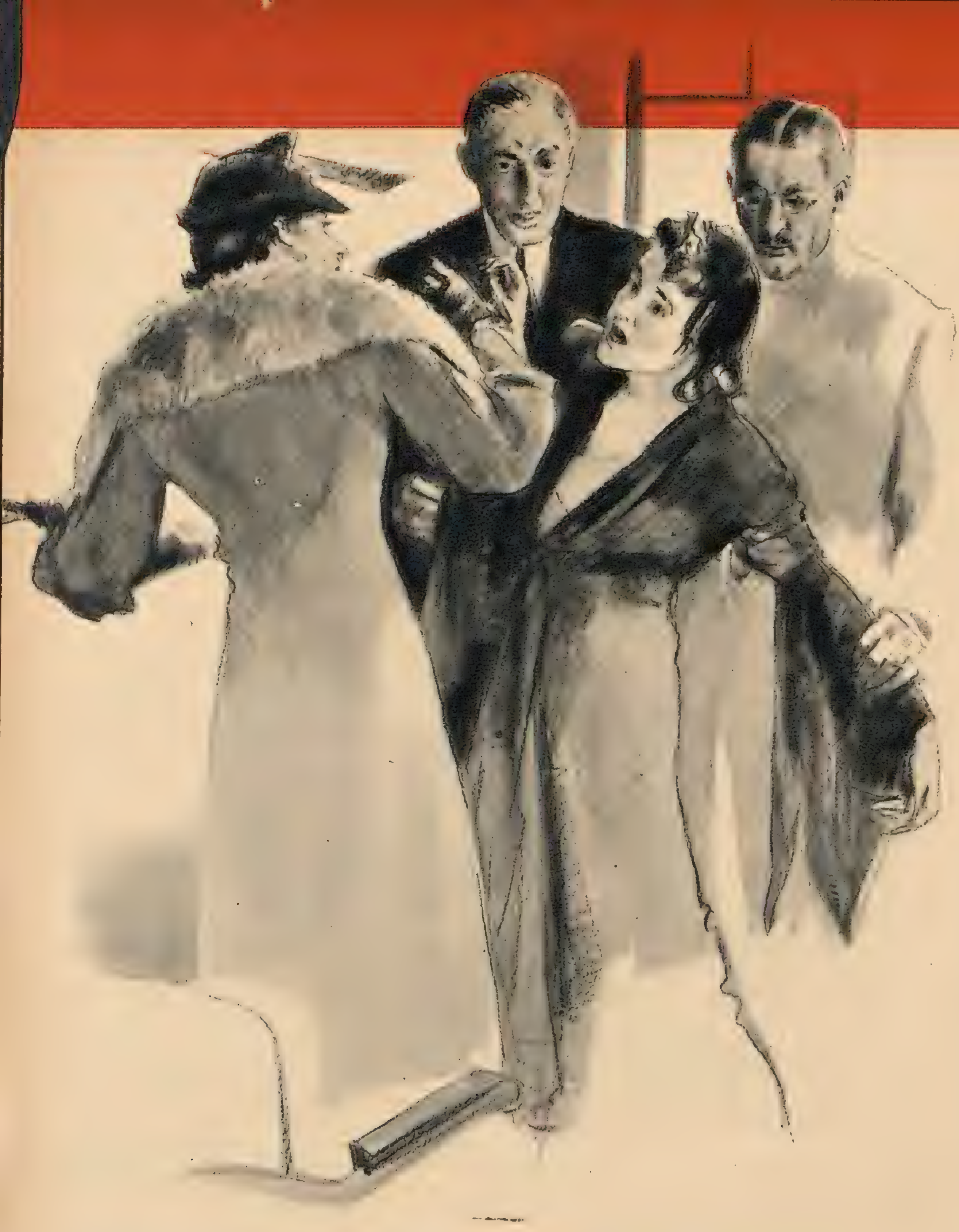
She came, reluctantly, to sit beside him. "Relax. Lie back," he said, "Now then, infant, what's it all about?"

She asked, "Must we talk about it? I don't like your methods, Pat. . . . Unless you change them . . . I won't marry you."

This time he did not laugh. He said soberly, "You're a funny kid—and stubborn. You love me, don't you?"

"Yes," she said; "but that doesn't make any difference."

He regarded her, puzzled. In his understanding, a woman either loved you or she didn't. She might play you for a sap, because you had money and were a spender; or she loved you for yourself. If she loved you for yourself you could be rich or poor and it didn't matter. Nothing mattered to her except that you loved her and were faithful to her. Your business didn't matter. That was your concern. You could lie, steal, cheat, and bargain—that wasn't her affair. But if you looked at another woman, if you two-timed her, she'd go after you hammer and tongs, tooth and nail, because she loved you. It was as simple as that to him. He believed that women were



She said, on a high sudden note, " But I was his girl too—of course I was! "

concerned only with their personal, intimate feelings toward their men, their personal, intimate relationship.

That was as it should be. A man was head of his house and head of his business.

He said, " It's dog eat dog in this game. You don't understand, Kathleen. Don't try. Can't you trust me? "

She said unhappily, " No, Pat, I can't."

" But—"

" Listen." She sat up straight, moved a little from the circle of his arms. " I'm in love with you. I can't help it. Chemistry perhaps. It doesn't signify how we explain it. I'm in love, that's all. But your personal integrity is just as important to me as, say, your fidelity to me. If I marry you, I must respect you. That sounds old-fashioned and rather like a bad play. But it happens to be true. That's the way I'm made. I can't help that either."

He said, " If I could make you understand—"

She said coolly, " You do admit, then, that there is something crooked in this subway business—that if you underbid you will have to sacrifice something, some one, in order to make your profit."

There was a white line around his mouth. " I don't admit it. It isn't so . . . some one's been talking to you." He took her shoulder in a grip which hurt and turned her around. " Who is it? "

" No one has been talking," she said steadily.

" I don't know what's got into you," he said. Then he stopped. He added, after a minute, " McClure? "

" Don't be absurd," said Kathleen. " What could Paul have to do with it? "

" I don't like him," said Pat . . . " and he doesn't like me. There's always talk about construction companies. Competition makes enemies. He could—Yes," he added, " that's it. McClure. . . ." He laughed. " With his plays," he went on, " and cocktail parties! He isn't even half a man, Kathleen. Oh, I've heard him talk, and heard people talk about him. Handsome, witty. The Noel Coward of America. . . ." He shrugged. " Some one said that about him the first time I met him here. He'd do anything to put me in wrong with you. He's in love with you, not with Hannah. Any one can see that. That play of his, the one he gave you at Christmas. . . . Sure, I read it . . . full of high ideals. Where will that get him? What's he done with them? "

She said, " It's a fine play, Pat, and an honest one. But he has had nothing to do with this. Leave Paul out of it. This lies between you and me. . . ."

" What do you want me to do? " he asked abruptly.

" You can withdraw your bid."

" I think you must be out of your mind, Kathleen. Do you realize the people dependent on me for their livings . . . the employment a job like this creates? "

She said, " I've been thinking of the school building. . . ."

He said angrily, " Was that our fault? It was inspected and passed. And no one was killed, except the watchman. Accidents happen on every job."

" I know. But sometimes unnecessarily. If that very low bid is accepted . . . and if you make a profit—"

" I'm not in this for my health, Kathleen! "

" No," she said, " you're not. There's nothing healthy about it." She rose and looked down at him. " There isn't anything more to say," she told him, " and I think you'd better go."

He came to his feet and took a step toward her, pulling her into his arms. " You think so, do you? " he murmured, and kissed her eyes and her mouth and bent his head to the little hollow in her throat. . . .

" Let me go," she said, stifled, " please. . . . I can't think clearly. . . ."

" I don't want you to," he said in triumph. " Listen. You can't dismiss me like this. You love me, as I love you; you want me, as I want you. Forget it, Kathleen. What has it to do with us? "

" Everything," she said.

She was perfectly white. After the first blind moment she had schooled herself to an utter lack of response. And presently he released her.

He said, "This isn't the end, you know," and walked away. She stood where he had left her, watching him pick up his overcoat, jam his hat over his eyes. She saw him open the door and did not move.

The door closed.

THE following day was Wednesday. Kathleen, ready for the office, was breakfasting when Hannah emerged from her bedroom.

"Nice party last night?" asked Kathleen.

"So-so," said Hannah.

"Was Paul there?"

"No—he ran out on me; gone somewhere for a week or two—some one's camp in the woods. He's on the last act and says there are too many distractions here. Sent you his best. . . . How about you?"

"We had dinner at the Golden Louis," reported Kathleen, "and came home early. . . ."

Hannah sat down and looked at her. She said:

"Fight with the boy friend?"

"What makes you think that?"

"You look dreadful. And you've been crying."

"I'm a fool," said Kathleen. "Or am I?"

Hannah's drowsy face quickened. "That's for you to decide," she said. "I hope nothing's wrong."

She did hope it. Oh, she thought, don't let there be anything wrong between them! Her supplication stemmed from a confusion of motives. She sincerely wanted Kathleen to be happy. Hannah had never felt that Pat was the man to fulfill this requirement. If Kathleen had also come to that conclusion . . . then there would be Paul to consider. . . . Hannah thought wryly, I didn't know that there could be so much music in a second fiddle. . . .

Kathleen pushed her plate away, drank the remainder of her black coffee. "I'll be late," she said, rising. She stopped beside Hannah. "Don't worry, I'll be all right. It's all over, Hannah," she said.

Hannah followed her, exclamatory, questioning. But she answered merely, "I'd rather not talk about it now . . . please, Hannah." And on the way to the office she wished that she might never talk about it again. She thanked heaven that no knowledge of her engagement had reached her parents. It could be as if that had never been, on the surface. Hannah would keep her counsel, except for Paul. She herself would tell Jim Haines and Sadie.

She thought, on the way to the office, If you could stop loving people when you wanted to, when you felt them no longer worthy and yourself degraded . . . if you could say, "Pat stands for one thing and I for another . . . therefore I don't love Pat."

But she was never more aware of loving him than when she walked through the office, mechanically answering the greetings of those she encountered. She had a coward's hope that he would not be there. But he was, having come early, and the green vase on her desk was filled with lilies of the valley.

She went in, as she always did, and stood beside his desk. Her heart pounded; her palms were wet.

He was standing by the windows when she came in and swung around, his eyes eager and anxious.

"Kathleen!"

She said, "You didn't expect me? The lilies are lovely, Pat."

"I didn't know what to think. . . . I'm glad you like them. . . ." He came closer, took her hands. He said, "You haven't slept."

"No, Pat. . . ."

"I didn't," he told her. . . . "It was hell. Well, we've both slept on it—or not slept on it, rather. You—you can't mean it, Kathleen."

"I haven't changed," she said.

"But you have. You can't stand there and tell me that you love me, yet won't marry me because you don't approve of the way in which I conduct my business. Darling, it doesn't make sense."

"It does to me. . . ."

He said, still unbelieving, "You've got to listen to me. . . ." And while her heart cried out that of course she must listen, that it was not fair to him if she did not, he made his mistake. He said the one irrevocable, revealing thing: "*You haven't any proof,*" he said.

Having said it, he laid all the proof she needed in her hands.

She was silent, looking at him with level tragic eyes.

He caught himself up then, blustered, stormed. . . .

"Be quiet," she said, as she might have spoken to a child. "Every one will hear. . . ."

"I don't care—"

"You must." She stopped, considering her words. She said, "I can't stay on here, Pat; it's an impossible situation. I'll find some one else for you before I leave, some one suitable."

"But—" He looked at her, aghast. He asked simply, "Do you mean I'm not to see you any more?"

She said gently, "We can't be friends, can we?" Saying that, she realized they had never been. Lovers, almost from the first, headlong lovers. Never friends, never growing from the gentler, cooler relationship into the happy violence, the warmth of loving.

"But," he asked, "what am I to tell—"

Like a boy who has asked his friends to a party and then has to tell them the party will not be given. Her heart constricted for him. If she could look at him calmly, with detachment, with dislike, asking herself, How in the world could I have loved him? But she could not. For she knew why, and why—God help her!—she still loved him.

"So few know," she said; "we've told no one except your mother and Carmela. . . . I'd rather talk to your mother myself, Pat. . . . Then of course Hannah and Paul. Here in the office, I told Sadie and Jim Haines. I'll talk to them, too. It will be easier for you."

She left his office and shut the door and went about her usual routine. At lunchtime she told Sadie. "It was a mistake, that's all. We found it out in time."

Sadie was shocked, sympathetic, and promised to try to find some one to take over Kathleen's job.

"I know at least eight," she said. "I'll go through them with a fine comb. Kathleen, I'm—sorry. . . ."

"Thanks," said Kathleen. "I know you mean that."

HER opportunity to speak to Jim Haines came later, just before she was leaving. She had not seen Pat since just before luncheon. He had left the office then. She was shutting up her desk when Haines came in. He asked, "Just going?"

"On the verge—" she told him, smiling.

He said awkwardly, "I hate to ask you this, but Sunday . . . I'm going to see her Sunday . . . and I wondered . . ."

"Of course," she told him instantly. "What time?"

"Sure I'm not breaking up your day . . . I mean . . ." he looked toward Pat's door. Added, "You'd have a date Sunday, I thought, sure thing. . . ."

"No," she said; "no, I haven't a date." She added, "I have to tell you something. Jim . . . it's all over . . ."

"You and Pat?" he said, incredulous.

She nodded, turning her eyes away. He took a step closer, seized her wrist. . . . "Why, you—you—" he began, in a still, hot fury.

"Jim!"

He dropped her hand. "I'm sorry," he muttered.

"That's all right," said Kathleen, nursing her hand. "I understand. You're fond of him. Anything that hurts him hurts you. It's perfectly comprehensible."

He said, "I don't suppose you'll want to go Sunday . . ."

"Haven't I said I would?" she asked angrily. "That has nothing to do with my personal affairs, Jim!"

"O. K.," he said briefly. "Three o'clock."

When she reached home that night she found Hannah arranging roses—masses of them, white and waxed, pale yellow, like thick country cream, deep sunset pink, and dark, dark red, dewy, glowing, the shape and color of a remembered kiss.

"Oh," said Kathleen, "how lovely!"

"They're yours," said Hannah, "drat 'em." She put her finger in her mouth. "My heart's blood."

"Pat?" asked Kathleen.

"I assumed it. Lavish gent." She shot an oblique look at her friend. . . . "Maybe you're making a mistake."

Kathleen was reading the card. She tore it up, dropped it in the wastebasket. "I'd already made it," she said, "worse luck."

"It's none of my business, Toots," said Hannah briskly, standing back to look at the last vase, "but . . . it's dangerous to quarrel. I used to think it was fun, but I know better now. Even a little one's dangerous . . . like chucking a match in a forest. You think it will burn out. But it doesn't."

Kathleen picked one of the shorter-stemmed roses from a crystal bowl and drew it through her fingers. She said, "It isn't a quarrel. . . ."

"Your mind's made up?"

"I'm afraid so."

"And the peace offering?"

Kathleen looked at the rose in her hand. She said, "You can't buy confidence, even with beauty. . . ."

"Don't talk like an 1890 novel," advised Hannah in exasperation. "Either you love the sap or you don't. If you love him, you'll go to town for him, all the way."

"I wish I found it that simple," said Kathleen.

Pat's card had said, "I'm coming to talk to you tonight."

Kathleen went into her room. There was mail there for her, a letter from her mother. She sat on the edge of the bed and read it. They had left the cruise ship. They were staying in Italy. In the spring they would go to England. . . . Her father had added, in his beautiful copperplate hand, "We wish you were with us, as the postals say. How about changing your mind, quitting your job, and coming over?"

That would be a solution. Italy and sunlight, and later, the hills and moors of England and the look of the far blue sea. "You can't run away," she told herself. "It would be the same anywhere. If I ran too far I'd begin to wonder was it a mistake after all. . . . I'd want to come back. I'd want to see him again. I'd want to be sure; and I wouldn't be sure."

She went out presently, and Hannah asked, "How about a drink? . . . I'm eating at home, for a wonder."

"I'd like one," said Kathleen. When Amelia brought the shaker, she poured the two glasses and handed one to Hannah. "Let's drink," she suggested, "to something that wasn't to be."

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" said Hannah in disgust. She drank, nevertheless. She asked, "What are you going to do now? Stay on?"

"Until I find some one to take my place. Then I'm going to get another job."

"Rosa may give you one," said Hannah. "Her secretary's leaving the first of the month. Why not go see her? I wouldn't be surprised if she took you on. She likes her hired help to have connections. Sammy would be delighted; he'd say, 'Oh, yes, my mother's secretary, niece of the Duke of Ainslee.'"

"Don't be idiotic."

"It isn't as silly as it sounds."

Kathleen said, "Pat's coming here tonight. I don't know where to get him, to head him off. If I know him, he won't have gone home, where I could reach him. Do me a favor, Hannah—"

"And go to the movies?"

"And *don't* go to the movies. . . ."

"All right," said Hannah. "But don't expect me to keep out of even a private fight. I love 'em."

Pat rang the bell at half past eight. Hannah opened the door for him. He spoke to her, smiling, in the foyer. "Buy you a lunch some day if you'll remember an engagement, Hannah," he said.

"No can do," said Hannah.

It would have been awkward except for Hannah . . . although it should have been awkward because of her. She talked of everything and nothing, a new perfume, scandalously alluring; a new frock . . . a new play.

Kathleen said little, leaning back in a corner of the

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couch. And Pat's retorts were hardly brilliant. Conversation languished and died, despite Hannah's valiant efforts. She viewed its corpse in silence. Then she said, shrugging, " Maybe I'd better clear out—"

" It's a good idea," said Pat, without a flicker.

" No," said Kathleen firmly.

Hannah looked from the man's dark face to Kathleen's marked pallor. She said resignedly, " Well, why not battle for an audience? I'll referee."

" That's a better idea," said Pat suddenly. " Look here, Hannah. You know your way around. . . ."

" None better," she admitted.

" Kathleen's gone crazy," he said. " She says she loves me . . . but she's broken our engagement because she doesn't like what she believes to be my business methods."

Hannah's little jaw dropped. She looked at Kathleen and asked, " So help me, Kate, is this true? "

" It's true," said Kathleen, without moving. If Pat decided to drag Hannah into it, it wasn't her fault. But resentment rose hot within her.

" You're nuts! Why should you care . . . about anything? I mean . . . if I loved a man," said Hannah, who did, " and he got his living by blackmailing innocent girls, robbing widows and orphans, I wouldn't approve, I might even ride the devil out of him about it, but I'd stick."

" Bravo! " cried Pat.

Kathleen looked at the other girl with wide, miserable eyes. She said, " I'm sorry, Hannah. I know you think I'm a reincarnation of Elsie Dinsmore, but there it is. I can't help it."

" You go home," Hannah ordered Pat, " and let me talk to her."

He went without reluctance.

WHEN she was alone with Kathleen she said, " You needn't, if you don't want to . . . it's not my business. Only, I'm curious. Do you mean to tell me that you think Pat's crooked? "

" I think he's dishonest," said Kathleen.

" Do you know it? "

" No," said Kathleen, " I don't, if by 'knowing' you mean black and white, actual proof. But I know enough—"

" Most big business," said Hannah gently, " isn't conducted along the lines of the Golden Rule. You may even find that out at Eloise, Inc."

" I'm not marrying Eloise, Inc.," Kathleen reminded her, smiling faintly.

" And not marrying Pat? "

" That's right."

" Yet you still love him. . . ."

Kathleen got to her feet and threw her cigarette in the fire. She stood there, looking at the dancing flames.

" I love him—that is, most of me loves him—" She stopped, and Hannah saw her tremble as if she were chilled. . . . " My body loves him," she said . . . " and I haven't an atom of respect for him, Hannah. I thought I had. I thought I loved him because he was different, because he was honest and decent and frank . . . even his faults seemed that. But my mind rejects that now, and him. There's no future in just loving, Hannah, and no percentage."

She turned from the fireplace, went into her room and shut the door.

ON Sunday Kathleen drove to the place where Jim Haines' wife lived her dim, distracted life behind bars. It was a pretty grim sort of place, very institutional. They did not talk much during the long drive. Once, when they were nearly there, she spoke to him, keeping her eyes ahead. She said, " Jim . . . about Pat and me. I have to tell you this because I felt I owed it to you to let you know how things were between us then. They've changed, because of incompatibility, as they say in the divorce court. I made a bad mistake, Jim. You mustn't blame either of us if you can help it."

He answered, his eyes on the road, the little car running free and swift under his guidance:

" I *thought* he was crazy—"

" You didn't like me," she said gently. " You didn't want him to like me. . . ."

" I knew it would end like this. Something new for you," he said, " something different. Then I suppose you got thinking about your people. Social Register, aren't they? Pat's old man came over in the steerage."

" That's unkind," said Kathleen. " Do you think I'd care if Pat came over in the steerage? Do you think I wouldn't be proud of him if he'd fought his way up—honestly? "

The car jerked a little. Jim said, after a moment, " What happened? "

" I can't talk about it, Jim," she said. " I can be loyal too."

She went with him into the big gray building carrying her package of bright picture magazines, her heart shrinking with fear. Fear of the unknown, of the abnormal. She was not prepared for the young woman who was brought to meet them in a little bare reception room under the escort of a middle-aged attendant. The attendant spoke to Jim. He said, " She's been looking forward to seeing you. . . . She's been — quite lucid lately, Mr. Haines. The disturbed periods are further apart and less violent."

His haggard face lighted with a radiance unendurable to see. He said, " Francesca! " and put out his arms, and his wife ran into them and clung to him, sobbing. " I thought you weren't coming any more," she said.

Dark and slim and lovely. She looked young, as if the years had passed her by. But her eyes were strange. Kathleen drew aside, with the attendant. The latter said, " She's like this sometimes. Gentle and easy to handle."

" I always come, honey," said Jim, smoothing the black silken hair, cut short and close to the little head.

She drew herself away and looked at Kathleen. " Who's that? " she demanded. Her voice was high, like a child's.

"Miss Roberts," Jim answered. "She came to see you, to bring you some magazines."

"She's pretty," murmured Francesca. She looked at Kathleen with friendly eyes. Then they clouded. She drew back against her husband, stammered, "She—she's your girl now, Jim?" pitifully. Kathleen's throat closed and her eyes filled.

"No," said Jim quickly, "of course not. You're my girl—all the girl I'll ever have. She's just a friend. . . ."

But Francesca was crying now, clutching at him, looking at Kathleen with hostility. The attendant moved closer. And Jim said desperately, his eyes asking Kathleen's pardon "She's Pat's girl, dear. *Pat's.*"

There was a sudden stunned silence.

"Pat's girl," repeated Francesca. "Pat's?" She spoke musingly, she spoke sanely. She said, "Why, that's awfully funny!" She came closer to Kathleen, looking at her, her eyes very bright. She said, on a high sudden note, "But I was his girl too—of course I was!" She began to laugh. "That's it," she said, "only Jim didn't know. I was afraid to tell him. Pat said he wouldn't. I loved Jim—"

HAINES' voice burst from him; it did not sound human. He spoke his wife's name, twice.

"Jim!" Kathleen cried. "She doesn't know what she's saying. . . ."

"Make her keep quiet," said Francesca. "I don't like her. If she's Pat's girl, she'll be yours. Like I was." She began to laugh.

Jim said slowly, calmly, "At first he came to see her with me. But she was so much worse when he came. So he stopped. She's never mentioned his name before."

His face changed. He was livid. He shook off the restraining hand the attendant put on his arm, took his wife by the shoulders and shook her. Her face was mad and lax. She went on laughing. He demanded, "Tell me about Pat—tell me about Pat! . . ."

But now she was crying as well as laughing, struggling, blaspheming. Kathleen felt physically ill. The attendant said sharply, "That's enough, Francesca!" and took her away from her husband, and spoke to her in an undertone. Leading her away, he said, over his shoulder, "I'm sorry, Mr. Haines, but you've upset her dreadfully."

Jim groped for a chair and sat down. They could hear Francesca shrieking down the corridor. Kathleen put her hands to her ears. Jim said dully:

"All these years . . . *Pat!*"

Will this horrible discovery at last kill the love that Kathleen still has for Pat? And what of Jim? Will he plan revenge on the man he has idolized? Follow the trail of shattered hopes and broken dreams through next week's chapter of this stirring modern novel.

Ye poetic guide to shirt-buying

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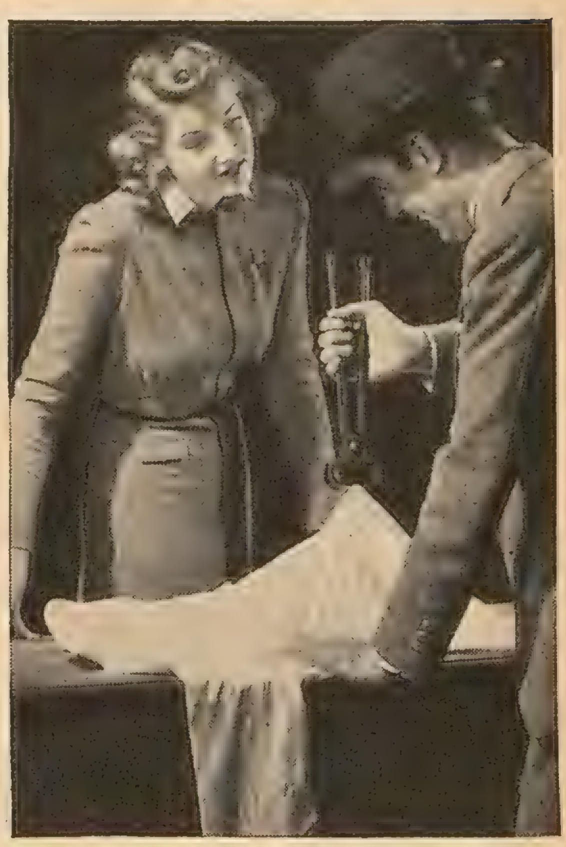

2. Is there a shirt (a perfect gem)
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**Arrow has made fine collars since 1861!*

4. If you like collars crisp and smart,
(So ladies will "My dear" you)
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**$2 and $2.25 respectively.*

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Sanforized-Shrunk—a new shirt free if one ever shrinks out of fit

They're coming for me tomorrow

Liberty's Short Short

BY C. T. DONNELLY

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

DEAR MAMA: Ever since I can remember, I always did as you and Papa wanted me to do, and I know, for I often heard you say so, I was a good boy. You never had any trouble getting me to go to school. Why, I even liked it and was a good pupil! You said I was smart too, being able to help Papa write out his Sunday sermons. Papa always called me God's little helper. That was hard for me to understand, for I always thought I was just helping Papa.

When I was big enough you took me into your Sunday-school class, remember? Remember my Sunday-school attendance pin? A perfect record for seven years, and then I fell sick with the flu and missed four straight Sundays. After that it didn't seem so bad to miss a Sunday. It just didn't seem to matter to me.

That following summer I got to palling around with the older fellows. You always thought they were a pretty tough bunch. When the plumbing fixtures were stolen from the vacant house, you were sure I was mixed up in it with the other boys. You would never let me explain.

Then I got to missing Sunday school regularly. Mixing in with those goody kids each week seemed like sissy stuff to me. Remember the time I skipped to Joplin and didn't get home until nearly daybreak? I remember it! You waited up all night to question me. Your questions didn't worry me—I was just afraid you would find the money in my pocket.

I guess you know now that all those stories I told you were lies!

After the first time, I never brought any money into the house. I used to bunk it out in the woodshed, and that made me feel better. As for spending any of it, that was out of the question. All the storekeepers knew we were poor and they would have noticed my "wealth."

You didn't know it, but it was about that time I was nicknamed Speedy. I could run and get away faster than any of the bunch. Before I was sixteen Speedy was known all over the state, and during the next year was known by all the officials over eight states.

Then you saw my picture in the paper with the story I was wanted. We didn't get the Joplin paper regularly, so I thought you would miss it, but that Mrs. Bailey had to bring it over for you to see. I guess it was a hard blow to a preacher's wife. You had hoped I would follow in Papa's footsteps, but that newspaper picture ruined everything.

Then the big shots from out of town started to look me up. I was worried you would hear about it, so I arranged to meet them in Carthage. "Come to Chicago—come to New York." Joplin was my idea of a big town to crack, and here the big boys were talking about Chi and New York. One of the fellows I didn't trust suggested I'd do better starting in Kansas City. I was frightened. It all seemed too much for me.

It was then I realized I was on my own. I was Speedy, yes! But away down deep inside I was just a kid. There were times I was sorry I ever started. Speedy, Speedy, Speedy—that's all I was ever called. I almost forgot I had a real name. Still, if any one had called me Elmer, I'd have jumped a foot. I didn't dare let outsiders know my real Christian name, for I would have been kidded to death. Right from the very start I hated that name of Elmer. But then, you did have hopes I'd be a preacher, and Elmer wouldn't have sounded so bad in that job.

After those big shots left town, Fayetteville, Clarksville, Picher, and the rest seemed like tank towns to me. I just couldn't wait to get started in the big cities. Right away wasn't soon enough to leave the Ozarks. "Pretty Boy" Floyd, "Baby-Face" Nelson, Clyde Barrow, and that gal "Bonnie" Parker were Ozark names I wanted to forget and have outside people forget. Maybe I was the one that could do it!

I thought of the chicken feed we got over in Joplin, then the bigger money, and now propositions that were far beyond anything I had ever planned. It was all like a snowball rolling downhill, getting bigger and traveling faster and faster. I just couldn't realize it was me. Speedy, or rather, Elmer.

Perhaps if I had stopped to think about it all I wouldn't be writing this letter tonight. I know it will hurt you and I wonder will you ever be able to forgive me. Getting mixed up with the older fellows was the start of it all. But then, you always considered me just a baby. I am eighteen now, Mama, and well able to take care of myself.

I made up my mind last night that I would go along with the fellows from New York. I've gone this far and I guess there is no turning back. The idea of being wanted here and wanted there—I just had to do something about it.

Yes, Mama, I've made up my mind and they're coming for me tomorrow.

If either you or Papa want to write me after tomorrow, address me care of Bill Terry's New York Giants, Baton Rouge, Louisiana. I've signed as a pitcher.

Your loving son,
ELMER.

THE END

ON THE AIR!

Liberty stories are on the air. You can hear two dramatizations each week over the following stations: WOR, New York; WJZ, New York; WENR, Chicago; WBBM, Chicago; WKRC, Cincinnati; WCCO, Minneapolis; KMOX, St. Louis; WEEI, Boston; WBT, Charlotte; KNX, Los Angeles. Please consult local papers for broadcast time.

TUNE IN!

▲

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1939; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

SAVED BY A MIRACLE

An astonishing record of rewarded faith — Will it help make a new saint?

THE STORY OF A DYING BABY

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

IN its issue of July 16, 1938, Liberty printed an article of mine called Hurrying Heaven, which concerned the devotion that has sprung up all over the United States to Blessed Martin de Porres, and the desire on the part of his devotees to have him canonized in 1939, the three hundredth anniversary of his death, as the "first American Negro saint."

The article gave an account of Martin's life, of the two miracles that resulted in his beatification, and of the campaign to hurry Heaven and Rome into providing at least two more miracles that could be attributed to his intercession, since the Church requires proof of four miracles performed by any candidate for sainthood.

Many letters were sent to me as a result of this article. At least seven hundred were sent direct to the Blessed Martin Guild at 141 East Sixty-fifth Street, New York. Some of these letters requested literature about Blessed Martin. Others told of "cures" he had performed in answer to prayer, or of favors he had granted.

On November 17 Mrs. Mary Trainor of 241 North Warren Street, Trenton, New Jersey, wrote me the following letter:

> Dear Sir:
>
> Referring to your article in Liberty concerning Blessed Martin. I would like to get the address of the society that has his relics or medals—to be applied to a four-months-old infant who is in St. Francis' Hospital in Trenton. The baby has a collapsed lung. The doctors have never had a case here or in Philadelphia like it and they are at a loss what treatment to take. Dr. Carabelli of the hospital gives the parents no hope, and I have their permission to write to you. Their name is Jones. The baby's name is Bruce. The baby has been in a dying condition, twice having to be placed in an oxygen tent, and has been saved through prayers.

The letter arrived at my home on Saturday, November 19. I immediately phoned the Rev. Father Norbert Georges, O. P., head of the Blessed Martin Guild, who said he would go to Trenton on Monday.

I met him in the guild office Monday morning, and we drove to the home of Mrs. Trainor. The mother of the baby, Frances M. Jones, met us there.

"They tell me the baby is better this morning," she said, "but I don't know. I've become so used to the thought that he can't possibly live that—that—"

She took the relic of Martin that Father Georges presented, held it tightly in both hands.

"The child tore a hole in his lung in a crying fit," she said as we drove to the hospital. "The doctors have stuck needles in his chest, and he breathes through them. They don't seem to have any way of patching up that hole."

The baby lay on his back in a little white crib. He was a thin, frail, waxy-looking child; but his eyes were bright and there was a smile for all of us.

Father Georges applied the relic three times to the tortured little chest. Then he turned to Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Trainor and told them something of Blessed Martin.

Three times more he applied the relic, and again another three times.

"Martin loved to do things in threes," he said. "Thus he honored each Person of the Trinity—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

As he prepared to leave, Father Georges gave the mother another relic. "Keep that on him," he said.

I heard no more of the case until December, when I received the following letter from Mrs. Trainor:

"Writing to let you know the condition of the baby. Wednesday, November 23, he began using his left hand and turning his head for the first time since the lung collapsed. Monday, November 28, the X-ray showed hole in lung completely healed. Doctor claims began using sterile sugar the same day relic was applied, November 21.

"Wednesday, November 30, Bruce developed plural [double] pneumonia. Today I went out to see him, December 7. They had him under the oxygen tent. Friday, December 9, will be the crisis, also Blessed Martin's birthday. Father Georges was here on Saturday. He seems to think this is the final test to prove it a clear-cut miracle."

A week or so later Father Georges let me read a message from Mrs. Jones, written on December 11:

"The baby passed the crisis yesterday, although he is still very sick and still in oxygen tent. . . ."

A day or two later I visited the hospital. Of all the physicians who had attended the child, only one was available: Dr. Eckstein, the interne.

"This is a most remarkable case," he said. "We haven't done anything for that baby. There wasn't anything to do except the routine we know of."

"Is it true the lung collapsed, that

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it had a hole in it, and that the hole is healed?" I asked.

Dr. Eckstein nodded his head.

"Yes. That's true. We knew the baby had a hole in its lung, even though the X-ray couldn't show it. He could breathe air into that lung, but couldn't breathe it all out. We had to insert hollow needles in the cavity, so the baby could expel that air. Now we've taken out the needles. The child breathes normally."

"Do you think the injection of sterile sugar had anything to do with the healing of the lung?" I asked.

The doctor wouldn't answer that question directly.

"I don't know what did it," he said. "I haven't much religion. I won't say this is a miracle in the religious sense. I will say that the child, when he grows up, should thank the priest for his cure, rather than the doctors."

"Then he's cured now?"

Dr. Eckstein shook his head. "Not yet, but he's getting better. He should have died, with that lung condition. But he didn't. Then he contracted double pneumonia. He was terribly weak after the long ordeal. He should have died. But he didn't. Now he's suffering from empyema—pus in the pleural cavity. But he'll get over it."

"Doctor, have you any idea what cured that baby?" I asked.

"The only way we could tell what caused the cure would be through an autopsy, I'd say. And there isn't going to be any autopsy for a number of years—at least, that's the way it looks."

Late that night I went to the Joneses' home. Mr. and Mrs. Jones were there. I told them what Dr. Eckstein had said.

"Well," said Mrs. Jones, "*we* know Blessed Martin cured the baby."

"Yes," her husband said. "We do."

On January 9 of this year I received a letter from Mrs. Jones, part of which I quote:

"An X-ray of baby's lung was taken Monday. . . . The picture shows he is well 100 per cent. . . . Also the picture shows absolutely no scar tissue—a very strange thing."

On January 12 I visited Mrs. Jones again and we went to the hospital to see the baby. He was waving his arms and kicking his feet. He was smiling.

"How many doctors worked on this case?" I asked.

"I don't know," Mrs. Jones said. "But Dr. A. A. Carabelli was the principal one. There were a lot of doctors here, and some specialists from Philadelphia, I understand, who were called in. Dr. Carabelli is going to write up the case for the Medical Journal."

That evening I went to see Carabelli.

"I don't want to be quoted," Dr. Carabelli said. "It's not my case. I was called in merely as a consultant."

"Do you believe any kind of miracle has been performed?" I asked. "A miracle of the medical profession, of nature, or of divine origin?"

Dr. Carabelli said lightly, "Well, in Catholic hospitals we always tell the patient the doctor does his best, but that it's God who cures."

Beyond that Dr. Carabelli would say nothing.

The next morning I went to see the hospital authorities. I was told that, during the illness of the mother superior, Sister Herman Joseph was in charge. She was unable to see me, but I managed to get her on the phone.

"THIS has been such a miraculous case that maybe the doctors don't know exactly what to say," she told me. "We regard it as a first-class miracle, and we're writing up all the details for Rome."

"May I have a copy of what you write?"

"Most certainly; for Liberty was instrumental in bringing about this miracle. And you may have copies of the X-rays too, if you want them. But you must be patient. It may be weeks before we have finished our work. We must have comments from each of the doctors. We must have all the facts. And it takes time to assemble all this."

The baby was still in the hospital when I left. He had been pronounced cured, but Dr. Carabelli had asked Mr. and Mrs. Jones to let him stay in the hospital a few weeks longer, that he might be exhibited to various specialists. He was lying in his bed when I left him, and crying so loudly out of his two good lungs that you could hear him far down the corridor.

Father Georges was quite pleased when I reported to him, after returning from Trenton.

"I think Blessed Martin will be a full-fledged saint before very long," he said. "Liberty has supplied one miracle—or what looks like a miracle. And I have just had some news"—he pointed to a sheaf of papers on his desk—"which makes me hope we have the other miracle we need. But I can't tell you anything about that at present.

"Yes," Father Georges continued, "it seems to me that Heaven has been hurried. Besides these two seeming miracles, we have a record of five thousand favors attributed, by people all over this country, to the intercession of Blessed Martin de Porres."

THE END

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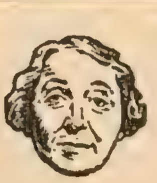

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"Marrying minister" Hopkins reading the sad news that Cupid was counted out. Right: Minor's marriage parlor picketed by a cop, at the time when his competitors got Minor unfrocked.

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Cupid GETS THE GONG

A lively look at the rise and fall of a famed and fabulous marriage mill

BY FRED ALLHOFF

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

MARYLAND'S little Elkton was well on its way to becoming the Number One Gretna Green of America when Maryland's voters went to the polls last November 8 and voted through a state-wide forty-eight-hour marriage wait law.

In September, Elkton's "marrying ministers," abetted by twenty-three licensed marriage solicitors, had nudged into cafeteria nuptials 2,234 couples—more persons than Elkton's own population of 3,331.

Marriage in Elkton had come to represent a $250,000-a-year business, largely controlled and guided by the "taxi gang" (to use the town's term for them)—a hardheaded, unromantic syndicate of business men, one of whom had done a brief bit in a penitentiary.

Since December 8, when the marriage wait law went into effect, Elkton has been converted from a bustling little town whose main street had the atmosphere of a carnival midway to a sober little village whose only remaining claim to fame is that Lafayette, en route to Yorktown, stopped there briefly in 1781.

Elkton is only forty-seven miles from Philadelphia and sixty-four from Baltimore, and is within comfortable driving range of New York City. Thus, drawing on a population center of from twenty-five to thirty million people, to whom it offered free and easy marriages with no waiting, Elkton began early to prosper.

Grabbing most of its matrimonial trade in the early 1920s was simple. The cab company stationed its hacks at bus stops and at the railroad station, principal means of entry for young elopers, whom the hacks whisked off to courthouse and minister.

Not to *any* minister, however. The taxi crowd hired its own, the Rev. William R. Moon, a retired but bona fide Baptist minister. It set him up in a house with a parlor and paid him a weekly salary of thirty-five dollars. Having married a love-bitten couple, he would clear his throat and say, "The usual offering is ten dollars."

Competition arose. Another retired Baptist minister, the Rev. Edward Minor, went after those who eloped by automobile. On roadside properties he erected illuminated signs:

MINISTER
MARRIAGE LICENSE

A smaller sign usually carried the invitation: *Drive In.* When couples did so, the property owners told them that this minister had "just left" and shunted them to Mr. Minor.

Between 1926 and 1935 he married 17,863 couples. He became a thorn in the side of the taxi company. When its Mr. Moon died, in 1934, it hired another retired Baptist minister, the Rev. Charles M. Cope, and the fight began.

The town, by ordinance, managed temporarily to force Minor to take down his signs. He brought suit against the town. Fighting the battle of the taxi company, it recommended to his Baltimore church that he be chastised. The Baptist Church promptly unfrocked him.

Since only clergymen may perform marriage ceremonies in Maryland, he promptly hired a minister to marry for him and continued to do business at the same old stand.

The local ministers performed no marriages except within their own congregations, for runners for the "marrying ministers" grabbed couples entering Elkton.

Meanwhile, for years various factions, sick of Elkton's spreading notoriety, had attempted to force through legislation that would put a stop to all this. In 1937, the late Senator Harold E. Cobourn introduced a bill which called for a forty-eight-hour interval between license and ceremony. Over bitter protests, it went through and, on June 1, 1937, actually became law.

For only a few hours, however. In Maryland, any law can be stayed by a petition bearing the signatures of 10,000 qualified voters. In this case, by dead-line time the petition sponsors had filed with the Secretary of State the signatures of 13,007. There were those who hinted darkly that some one had toured Baltimore's slums and flophouses, buying autographs at fifty cents each; but, whatever the facts, the petition served to give Cupid a breathing spell.

Antisyphilis marital legislation in twenty-six states had wrecked such former Gretna Greens as Armonk and

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Harrison, New York, and Greenwich, Connecticut. Elkton asked no questions, demanded no certificates, required no witnesses, and married couples within from ten to twenty minutes after they'd arrived in town. Naturally, couples rushed there in unparalleled numbers, not necessarily because they feared blood tests, but because marriage there was quick, simple, and—they often imagined—secret and cheap.

Last summer Elkton wallowed in prosperity. The taximen had two ministers now—a day shift and a night shift. Marriages were being performed at all hours of every weekday. By late summer the town had five "marrying ministers" and its marriage mill was running to near capacity.

An ordinance was passed requiring any person who solicited marriages to be twenty-one years of age and to obtain a license. Licenses, good for one year, cost $100. The taxi combine immediately obtained fifteen of the twenty-three licenses issued.

SUPPOSE you came to Elkton by automobile from New York. Within one hundred feet of the Delaware-Maryland state line were two buildings, faded white clapboard shanties, in each of which was a potbellied coal stove, a dusty desk, a chair or two, and no other furniture. Signs on these buildings read: MINISTER MARRIAGE LICENSE. Inquiry revealed, however, that no one occupied them except a custodian—who would at once take you into Elkton to the parlor of the marrying minister he represented. Meanwhile, closer inspection revealed that the signs did not misrepresent. Under the big-lettered words could be found, in much smaller letters, the qualifying word: *Information.*

Suppose you drove past such outposts and reached Elkton's main street, bristling with signs and marriage parlors. Solicitors standing on street corners hailed you or you were followed by another automobile. Its driver would inquire: "Marriage license? Minister?"

If you came into Elkton by bus, you probably would be let out in front of the home of the Rev. Mr. Cope, marrying minister for the taxi combine. This would be no accident. The bus driver got two dollars for it.

Elkton's Circuit Court clerk's office, where marriage licenses are issued, is a room behind the courthouse. During Elkton's belated boom it stayed open twenty-four hours a day, six days a week. Between 9 A. M. and 5 P. M. couples entered through a side door. On a Saturday it probably meant waiting in line, for Elkton in the boom's last months averaged seventy couples a day, and on the record Saturday before Labor Day 314 couples were joined in swift and holy wedlock.

You raised your right hand. The clerk asked, "Do you solemnly promise and declare that you will truthfully answer the questions that are asked you?" You did—and that was all there was to it. The runner who had brought you here would have coached you to give your ages as twenty-one and eighteen, if you were under age. The clerk usually would take your word for it. The license, placed in an envelope, was handed to you with the words: "Two dollars, please."

After 5 P. M. the license office ostensibly was closed. To get in between 7 P. M. and midnight, you walked down the street past the fire department, and went up an alley to a courtyard where, speakeasy fashion, you entered an unlocked rear door.

Between seven and midnight a clerk handed you your license and said, "Seven!" After midnight he said, "Ten!" He meant seven or ten dollars—and he certainly did mean it, though on the marriage license issued to you after hours there still was printed: "Clerk's Fee—$2.00." Where the extra five or eight dollars went is anybody's guess—and not hard guessing.

Having obtained your license, you were taxied by the solicitor to the minister's residence. Since legally the minister was not supposed to charge a fee, he usually had a girl secretary who did the asking for him. You stood in his bare marriage parlor, were married in efficient routine haste, paid your ten dollars—and that was that. All of it had taken less than half an hour.

The solicitor charged from one to three dollars to pilot you in his auto from the station to the clerk's office (three blocks) and from the clerk's office to the marriage parlor (another three blocks). If you were generous, you gave him a tip. In addition, he collected half of the ten dollars you paid the minister. The other half went to the cab company.

The townsfolk not unreasonably called this set-up a racket. Merchants complained that the double-quick influx and outflow of lovers meant little in the way of sales for them.

ELKTON in its heyday allured both bankers and WPA workers. Radio and stage sent couples who had to get married quickly in between engagements. Elkton married eighty-six-year-old patriarchs and married twelve-year-old girls whose angry parents brought the bridegroom by the scruff of his pants.

William Randolph Hearst's son John was married there. So was Graham McNamee; Joe "Flash" Gordon of the New York Yankees; Dorothy Campbell Hurd, woman golf champion; "Madcap" Merry Fahrney, patent-medicine heiress; Betty Wyman, New York model and Lucky Strike girl; and Rose Benton, grand-opera singer.

Virginia Overshiner, a Georgia beauty-contest winner, took her ninth mate there. He turned out to be a bigamist with three children. Ed Lund, flight engineer on Howard R. Hughes' round-the-world flight, married his secretary, Elinore Hoagland at Elkton. José R. Capablanca, former world's chess champion, married Princess Olga Chagodalf in one of Elkton's marriage parlors and tipped the runner fifty cents. Prescott Van Wyck took one of his dips into matrimony there. Robert Souder, a twenty-one-year-old WPA worker, claimed for bride in the Rev. Mr. Cope's marriage parlor Frances Erb, a thirteen-year-old Pennsylvania schoolgirl.

The Rev. William Hopkins, formerly a Minor minister, tells of a trio that came to his combination marriage parlor and antique shop some months ago. The girl was eighteen; the man sixty-five. With them was a mutual friend, a lad in his twenties. Mr. Hopkins, for some reason he no longer recalls, left them alone on the sofa in his parlor before performing the rapid ritual. When he came back, he found that papa had fallen asleep, while his bride-to-be was snuggling in the arms of their young friend.

IN the office of the clerk of Circuit Court, too, they recall some amusing incidents. A sixty-nine-year-old New Jersey man brought with him a woman he said he had courted for forty-two years. Asked why he had come to Elkton to marry, he said New Jersey had a "wait" law and he didn't care to wait three days.

A little gray-haired old lady spoke tenderly of her grandchildren and said she was getting married "to right a wrong." It seems she had been living in sin all these years.

I stood in the clerk's office until midnight on a Saturday that I was in Elkton and watched the steady flow of couples obtaining licenses at seven dollars each. Most of them looked in their twenties and of moderate means. None of them was drunk. The last couple were married on the stroke of midnight. The girl said she was eighteen and the boy swore he was twenty-one. He was a callow youngster with a soup-bowl haircut who looked as though he wouldn't be ready to vote for at least four more years. The girl, at a rough guess, would have been fourteen. She stood beside him, sucking her thumb like the child she was.

I learned that the "marrying ministers" had a device, illegal but efficient, to cope with the situation that arose when a couple didn't have the whole ten dollars for the "offering." The minister would marry them, take what they had, and tell them, "Now you're married all right. But I'm going to hold your license. When you get the rest of the money, you mail it to me and I'll mail you your license."

To the solicitors and the boys in the clerk's office and the "marrying ministers," the spanking that the voters gave Cupid last November will mean the utter ruin of Elkton. Of all of them, the eighty-one-year-old ex-Rev. Edward Minor was least perturbed.

"I'll retire to my farm," he promised. "The business was shot to hell anyway, because of interference."

THE END

TRUE-or False?

Nearly everybody drinks coffee every day... and you'd be amazed at how little they really know about their favorite beverage. And how much they know — that isn't true! Here are a few facts and falsities about the world's most popular drink.

WHAT'S YOUR SCORE? Put a check mark in the "true" or "false" squares below—then compare your answers with those at the end of each statement of the facts.

TO DOCTORS AND SCIENTISTS: References to the medical authorities for the following statements will be supplied on request.

YOU TASTE COFFEE WITH YOUR NOSE.* True? ☐ False? ☐

The only sensations of taste you get with your tongue are sweet, bitter, acid and salt. The real coffee "flavor" that you enjoy actually comes from the aroma which stimulates the nerves through which we smell, located in the upper part of the nose.

Statement in the headline above* is True.

COFFEE HELPS YOU SLEEP.* True? ☐ False? ☐

Here is what actual laboratory tests on men and women show. Coffee is a pick-up. It exhilarates. Dispels drowsiness and fatigue. Body and brain both become thoroughly wide-awake. But... the action wears off in two hours with 97 out of 100 people. And after this two-hour period coffee neither helps you to sleep nor keeps you from it. You can drink all the coffee you want after dinner, and by bedtime you'll never know the difference.

Statement in the headline above* is False.

WHERE THERE'S LIFE - THERE'S COFFEE!

COFFEE UTENSILS SHOULD NEVER BE WASHED WITH SOAP.* True? ☐ False? ☐

One of the secrets of making good coffee is to have your brewing device scrupulously clean. Wash the glass or metal parts with boiling water—and *with* soap. But be sure to rinse thoroughly. Keep your utensil clean—use plenty of coffee—measure accurately and you'll make coffee that folks will cheer about!

Statement in the headline above* is False.

To make good coffee use enough—a heaping tablespoonful for each cup!

Published by the Pan American coffee producers, for the benefit of the American public, the largest consumers of coffee in the world.

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$2,000 Crossword Contest

EIGHTH WEEK!

Keep Your Entry Up to Date Your Chance to Win Is Excellent

HERE is another contest crossword to test your skill. If you have carried your entry up to this point, by all means stay in the game. Your chance to win is still excellent and there will be only two more puzzles to solve in this series. You can't win if you fail to enter. Don't let procrastination rob you of this opportunity to earn a substantial cash award. Solve each puzzle as it appears and add it to your set.

Have you been studying Liberty to select the nomination for the brief statement you will prepare, as required in Rule 2? To clarify a point, for the purposes of this contest any editorial material which is neither story nor article will be considered a feature. This includes Bernarr Macfadden's editorial, Vox Pop, To the Ladies, Twenty Questions, the contest, cartoons, and any other occasional editorial matter.

Puzzle No. 9 will be published next week.

THE CASH PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, Each $10	200
200 PRIZES, Each $5	1,000

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish a contest crossword puzzle.

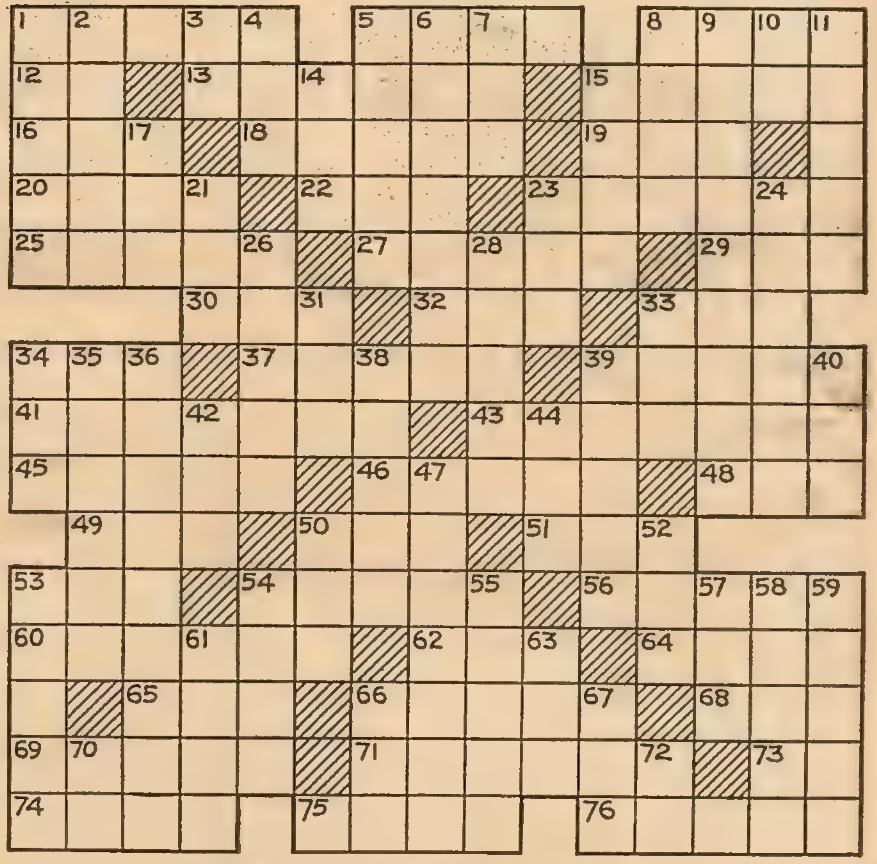
2. When you have solved all ten puzzles, enter them as a unit, accompanied by a statement of not more than fifty words on the subject, "The Story, Article, or Feature I Have Enjoyed Most in Liberty During This Contest, and Why."

3. The most nearly correct set of ten solutions accompanied by the clearest, most convincing statement of preference will be adjudged the best and will be awarded the $500 First Prize. The next best will receive the $200 Second Prize, and the next best, the $100 Third Prize. In the order of their excellence the next twenty will be awarded $10 each and the next 200 will receive $5 each. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

4. At the close of the contest mail all entries to CROSSWORDS EDITOR, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

5. All entries must be received on or before Thursday, March 30, 1939, the closing date of this contest.

6. No correspondence can be entered into with any contestant. No entries will be returned. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Liberty and members of their families.



CONTEST PUZZLE NO. 8

By LEE PASQUIN

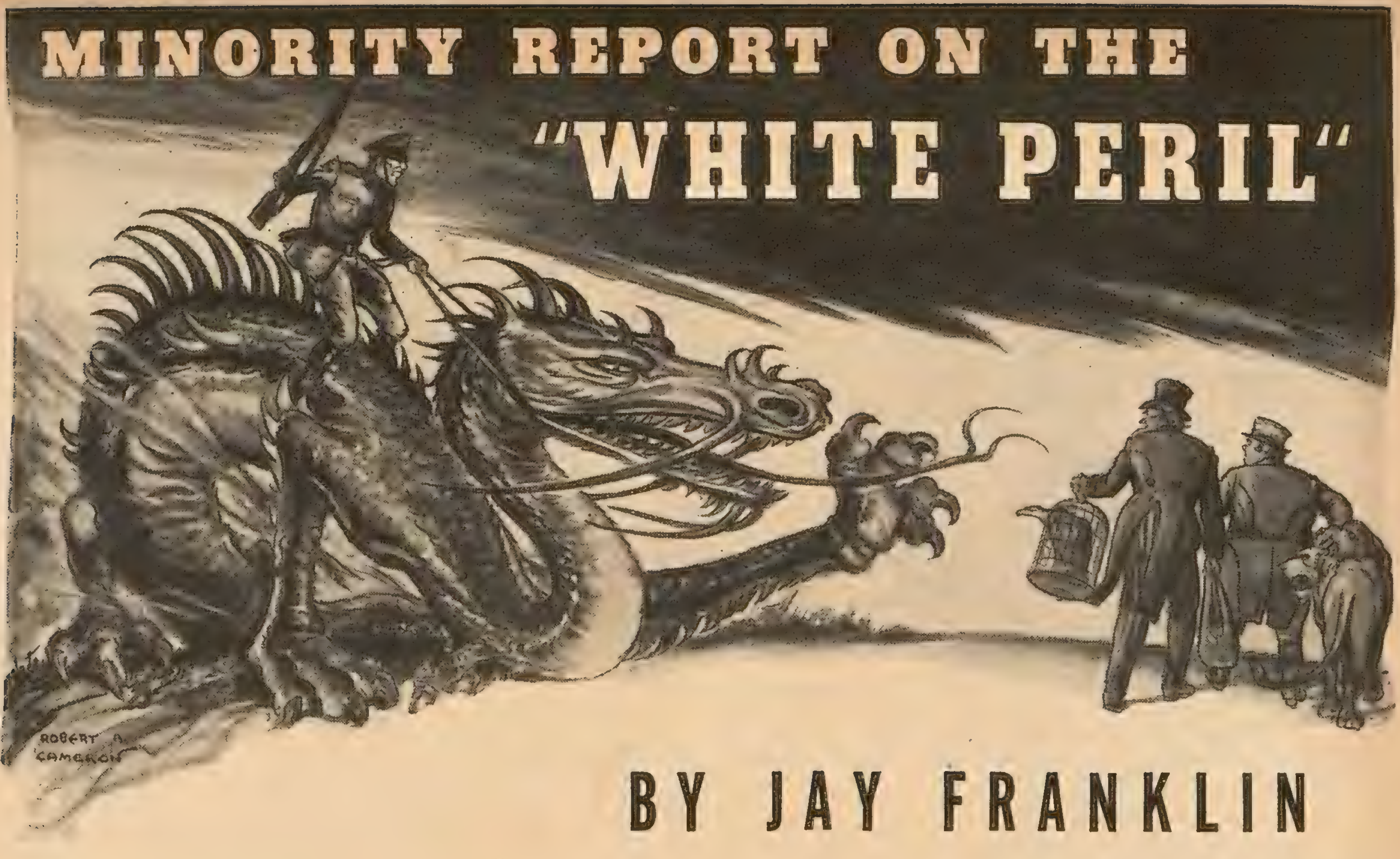
HORIZONTAL

1 A task to be performed
5 Heavenly body
8 A group of three singers
12 Exclamation
13 Permits
15 Versifiers
16 Those in political office
18 A former Italian secret society
19 Pronoun
20 A rude, uncouth fellow
22 Pale, peaked
23 A foil, especially for a comedian
25 Thoughts occurring during sleep
27 Vends
29 A card game
30 A companion (colloq.)
32 A kind of fish
33 Woman's name
34 Male animal
37 Smallest in degree, size, etc.
39 Bubbles through the action of heat
41 First
43 Town in Massachusetts
45 Tyrant (pl.)
46 Shaped or stretched, as a boot, on a prepared form
48 A command used to oxen
49 Anger
50 An insect
51 Term used in playing bridge
53 Commotion
54 Rower
56 Called
60 The domain of a baron
62 To cut off
64 Part of a church
65 A dessert
66 Remained
68 Obscure
69 A bone of the forearm (pl.)
71 Inability to speak
73 Exclamation
74 Labels
75 A starchy foodstuff
76 A hard brittle substance, usually transparent

VERTICAL

1 Youngster
2 Distinction
3 Egyptian sun god
4 A tree
5 Article of furniture (pl.)
6 Clingers
7 Man's name
8 Combining form: wholly
9 Analyzing
10 Pronoun
11 Combining form: bone
14 Authoritative injunction
15 Holes
17 To entreat
21 Light blow
23 Furtive
24 Member of a hockey team
26 Disease of horses
28 Piece of machinery
31 Grassy field
33 Age
34 A metal
35 An Indian of an Iroquoian tribe
36 Reflecting
38 Change
39 City in Austria
40 Compass point
42 Part of the foot
44 Affirmative
47 Staggering
50 A recess in the shore
52 A color
53 Nearly
54 Cardinal number (pl.)
55 A round-up
57 Violently angry
58 Sins
59 In ancient Greece, the common people
61 South American wood sorrel (pl.)
63 Energy (slang)
66 Cry of a quadruped
67 To delve
70 Note of the scale
72 Man's nickname

MINORITY REPORT ON THE "WHITE PERIL"



BY JAY FRANKLIN

An American's daring, provocative venture in seeing ourselves as others see us. What do you think of it?

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

EDITOR'S NOTE: This article is, as its author says, a minority report—one man's opinion, in all aspects and details of which Liberty does not necessarily concur. But as to its general conclusion that much vaunted racial superiority is all in an overbearing race's eye and mailed fist—a conclusion now being grotesquely and abominably exemplified in Germany, the former Austria, and even Italy—there surely can be only one intelligent opinion.

FOR some years all our better head-shakers and chest-thumpers have agreed that Japan was a "menace." Now that the Japanese have undertaken to subjugate China, and are beginning to have some prospects of ultimate success, we are hearing more than ever about this Yellow Peril against which we must be prepared to fight for our very existence.

The Japanese may be a "menace," if by that word we mean a political force capable of taking action which we dislike without our will or consent. When their hands, just at present so full, are free, they are admittedly formidable as commercial and military competitors. Biologically they are positively disheartening. Their women seem to be quite willing to bear children and their men to do as much dying as may be necessary to win and keep a larger foothold on an overcrowded planet. To us, with our population ready to decline (we have dropped below the birth rate necessary to maintain a stable population), this is indeed menacing. Yet the Japanese "menace" is a two-sided affair.

The other side of the Yellow Peril is the White Peril. For the last four hundred years the white race has been so used to having its way with the "natives" and their negotiable assets that we have never dreamed of looking at ourselves through "native" eyes. We have never realized the extent to which we have become the Colored Man's Burden, or the extent to which our imperialism has ignored the fundamentals of biology.

To seize lands on which your people may settle, increase and multiply is the oldest process in history and is sanctioned by Holy Writ. That was why we took this continent from the Indians, and that was why the Teutonic forebears of many of the modern European nations overran the Roman Empire. However, to seize lands which you have no intention of settling, and to do so in order that your own monetary profits may increase and multiply, is a highly vulnerable form of political racketeering.

That is exactly what the whites have done to Asia, Africa, and—for that matter—much of the Western Hemisphere. The British have had no intention of sending their surplus population to India. American land hunger carried the plow of the pioneer from Cape Cod to Puget Sound but did not express itself in any similar drive to populate Hawaii or the Philippines with the seed of the Puritans. Frenchmen do not emigrate en masse to cultivate the rice paddies or clear the jungles of Indo-China, and the Dutch do not pour millions of blue-eyed Nordics into Java, Sumatra, and Borneo. In the partition of China, which went on for forty years, there was no desire by the Europeans to find lands for their people. No, they were after trade, investments, and profits, and their sovereignty has rested on nothing more solid than their navies and their native levies.

Such a situation is not calculated to reassure the colored races. How would we like it if our Southern states were ruled by a group of Central African entrepreneurs, if our Pacific Coast were governed and owned by absentee Japanese, if title to New England were vested in the Sherif of Mecca, and the assets of the Middle West were being forcibly partitioned between the Eskimos, Hindus, and Hottentots? And how would we like it if, in the course of a quarrel between Siam and Timbuktu, our Southern fundamentalists were drafted to fight against our Westerners in Kamchatka, while our New Englanders were forcibly recruited into an expeditionary force to conquer Italy? Under such circumstances—which are almost precisely those which the whites have inflicted on the colored races—how long would it be before we concluded that our colored overlords were a menace to the white race?

How long would we rest quiet under a social relationship in which colored men took white women with impunity while white men could be lynched or legally punished for possessing colored women, and in which the right to own land or settle in any territory, no matter how sparsely populated, which had been pre-empted by the

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colored races was denied to white people?

The white race, having built its empires and being unwilling to breed the men or pay the cost of defending them against the colored races which were rising to world power, has assumed to proclaim a new international ethic to freeze the status quo. When "the Devil was sick—" White conquerors have said that there must be no more conquests—a thesis which we have embodied in our diplomacy. And the white race has refused to bring about necessary changes through peaceful negotiation, or to retreat before the rising tide of color. This is the crowning insolence of the White Peril, the time fuse which will eventually explode the inevitable bombshell under our cosmic pretensions.

No, the American people and the European race in general lack any solid ethical or biological basis for sovereignty in Asia and the western Pacific. Not all of the treaties, pacts, covenants, open doors, or naval ratios in creation can make us more than interlopers. We have no business there at all, apart from trade, and in matters of trade we must defer to the wishes of our Asiatic customers rather than impose our own terms. Conquest has posed the inevitable alternative: populate or get out. In its usual muddling manner, the white race seems to prefer a war to any intelligent decision.

For we are headed straight for a collision unless we are wise enough to junk our past blunders. As the weakest link in the chain of Asiatic conquest, we Americans are the obvious first testing ground of Asia's rising maritime power. We are already attempting to get out of the way of the coming cyclone. We propose to give independence to the Philippines—in 1945. We should do so at once. We are building up our navy. It may prove to be too late.

We are in grave danger of being made the "fall guy" for the White Peril. Russia? If we expect the Russian Communists to rush to our defense in any future Far Eastern conflict, we are due for a great surprise. They will have all they can do to keep from being pushed west of Lake Baikal themselves.

Altogether, it is a state of affairs calling for swift and realistic thinking. We are far out on the end of the limb of a tree which is being cut down at the roots. The Japanese for the time being have their hands full in China, but in their present mood they are truculent, touchy, and tricky, and with every moral justification. White pretensions of moral superiority were based fundamentally on actual superiority in mass homicide. When we taught the Asiatics how to use modern weapons, we were surrendering the only claim upon which the yellow race had tolerated our intrusions.

The blunt truth is that the whites have been in the Far East for their own good. Of late years we have been urged to get out for the good of Asiatics. If we are wise, we shall realize that the time has come for us to put up or shut up, and shall choose the course which history has indicated as appropriate to those who are losing the power to enforce their will. Then, if the Yellow Peril should really follow white supremacy, we shall know that we are defending our own heritage and our right to cultivate our own garden. Until we concede the same right to the yellow races, and with a good grace, we shall stand before the bar of history as irresponsible interlopers who permitted the temporary possession of technical predominance to degenerate into the least defensible of all rackets: the privilege of one race to control the destinies and expropriate the wealth of weaker races, no matter how remote, on the simple basis of its own sweet will to power.

Asia's White Peril is, therefore, a peril to the whites. "Govern or get out!" was the advice which Theodore Roosevelt tendered to the British in Egypt. We no longer possess the power to govern the Philippines. Shall we get out before we are thrown out? Or spend our blood and treasure to retain title to territories where the white man will never live?

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 32

1—Franklin Pierce Adams (F. P. A.).
2—"Here are data."
3—William Allen White.
4—England.
5—Beef or mutton.
6—One—Washington.
7—Mickey Rooney.
8—Colombia.
9—No; he made but four voyages and died in 1506.
10—Neon.
11—The mother of Abraham Lincoln.
12—Horrendous, stupendous, tremendous.
13—Marie (Marie's second name is Reiné).
14—Benjamin Franklin.
15—When solidly frozen, as sometimes takes place in winter.
16—Silver.
17—Nicaragua, Costa Rica, El Salvador.
18—Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation.
19—March 21.
20— Sidney Toler

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How the MEDICAL TRUST Victimizes the AVERAGE MAN

BY FREDERICK LEWIS

Socialized medicine? Why not? A challenging survey of a vital 1939 question

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

WHAT is this thing called "socialized medicine"?

It must be something pretty bad, or that big doctor in Chicago wouldn't be against it.

Less than two years ago, that was about all the average citizen knew or thought about a subject which has since become our most talked about social problem.

But when almost five hundred big doctors, among them the heads of world-famous medical schools, hospitals, and clinics—came out for the new type of medical care, we began to sit up in our sickbeds and take notice.

And when the Attorney General's office in Washington felt that it had to bring suit against some of the associates of that big doctor in Chicago to keep them from interfering with the activities of doctors who practiced the new system, we suspected that something was radically wrong with our old-time health picture.

Investigation showed that socialized medicine was not so new and not so bad as we had been led to believe.

Nearly five millions of our own people were already sharing its benefits through voluntary co-operative associations supported by small monthly payments.

Fifteen other millions, engaged in American industry, were receiving similar benefits through company doctors and clinics supported wholly or in part by employers.

Investigation also showed that the loudest opponents of socialized medicine were not big doctors at all, but paid propagandists, whose business it was to maintain at all costs the *status quo* of organized medicine.

In short, we saw that there were two sides to this question of socialized medicine. The editor of Liberty believes that the arguments on *both* sides should be stated—without prejudice, without delay.

What is socialized medicine? It is simply buying health on the installment plan, buying protection by small monthly payments, when we can afford to make them, against lump-sum emergencies which we know we cannot otherwise meet.

Generally speaking, medical co-operatives fall into two general groups: those run by doctors on the monthly payment plan, but for profit; and those run by members on a nonprofit basis, with fixed salaries for attending physicians.

The co-operative in Little Rock, Arkansas, for instance, is run by doctors. In 1931 six local physicians, who had put their life savings into a model fifty-bed hospital, offered full medical, surgical, and hospital service at the rate of $2 a month for individuals and $5 a month for families. They now serve 5,000 people.

The doctors have managed at these low rates to make better and surer incomes than they had been making before, and, what is more important, have worked something close to a miracle in improving the health of the community, because their subscribers, relieved of the fear of sudden unmeetable expenses, go to the Trinity Hospital doctors at the beginning of every ailment instead of at the crucial or postcrucial point.

Keeping pace with the growth of the doctor-run community plan is the progress made since 1930 by the consumer-owned, nonprofit co-operatives, of which the Washington Group Health Association—the football in the present battle between the government and the American Medical Association—is a typical example.

In the spring of 1937 certain employees of the Home Owners' Loan Corporation, a government agency, decided to form the now famous Group Health Association, Inc.

According to the reports of the Department of Justice, the charter of the association provided the services of physicians and nurses, the construction and operation of a clinic and medical office building, the operation of a drugstore or pharmacy, the construction and operation of a hospital if needed, and the provision of all forms of medical, surgical, and hospital care that might be required, without profit to the corporation. The doors of its modernly equipped clinic were opened for business on November 1, 1937.

The rates charged by the association are low: for any person with dependents, $2.20; husband or wife of a member, $1.80; dependent children, regardless of the number, up to eighteen years of age, $1; dependent children eighteen to twenty-one, $1 each; dependents above twenty-one, $2.20.

From November 1, 1937, to June 30, 1938, 27,189 patients received medical and surgical attentions. From the standpoint of everybody except the A. M. A., the Group Health Association was a great success.

HERE, as elsewhere, the co-operative method quickly demonstrated the many advantages claimed for it by its proponents: more and better equipment than the average individual doctor can afford to buy; more varied and more up-to-date knowledge and technique than any one doctor can hope to have at his command; an improved relationship between doctor and patient, due to the fact that the patient is neither in the position of asking charity or paying excessive rates in order that the physician may extend charity to some one else; and the freedom from financial worry and the harassment of bill collecting, which enables the doctor to give his full attention to the practice of his profession.

To this formidable list of advantages Dr. Hugh Cabot, consultant surgeon of the famous Mayo Clinic, adds this clincher:

"The reason that group medicine saves so many lives and prevents so much suffering is that it makes, in a much larger percentage of cases, the right instead of the wrong diagnosis. . . . Without accurate diagnosis, treatment is a farce. Unnecessary operations, unnecessary suffering, and unnecessary loss of life are the result."

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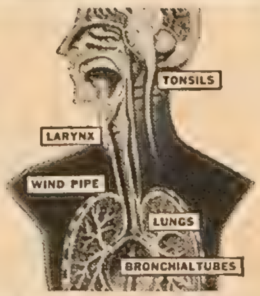
2 The secretions of these glands often turn to heavy, clinging phlegm.
3 This sticky phlegm irritates your throat and you cough.



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1 Pertussin, an herbal syrup, stimulates the glands in your throat to pour out their natural moisture.
2 Then that sticky, irritating phlegm is loosened, and easily "raised" and expelled.
3 Your throat is soothed and your cough relieved quickly and safely by the Pertussin "Moist-Throat" Method.

PLEASANT AND QUICK FOR YOUNG AND OLD AS PROVED BY MILLIONS OF BOTTLES USED

PERTUSSIN
PRESCRIBED BY MANY DOCTORS FOR 30 YEARS

One of the chief beneficiaries of a sane modernization of medical procedure will be the doctor himself. There is really no comparison between the security of a certain weekly or monthly income and the precariousness of depending for a living on uncertain fees uncertainly paid.

Not the least promising feature of the doctor's immediate future is his promised release from the dominance of the American Medical Association, which has, until recently, held 110,000 of the country's 167,000 physicians in a grip of steel.

Until the start of the present controversy about two years ago, the average citizen, and even the average doctor who belonged to it, knew little about this extraordinary organization.

Now we know a good deal about the A. M. A., or can know if we stop to look. We know that to be a Fellow of the association is not an accolade of merit. Any member of a local medical society who is a graduate of a medical school approved by the association can become a Fellow by subscribing to the association's trade paper, the Journal. Last year the income from 70,000 Fellows totaled $490,000!

We know that the A. M. A. is supported chiefly by the advertisements which crowd the pages of the Journal and make it one of the most profitable magazines published. Last year the Journal showed net earnings of $670,000. In the same year the association's property account totaled $1,400,000; its investment account, $2,340,000.

HOW the A. M. A. gets that way is not hard to see. Doctors automatically become members of the A. M. A. by joining their local or county medical society, of which there are some two thousand in the United States. These local medical societies, like their parent organization, do a lot of good. They are on the right side of the fight for pure drugs and pure food. They are against quacks. The average doctor feels that his place is in the ranks of the local medical society, so he sends in his application. He doesn't realize until later—when he wishes to do something and finds he can't—that he has committed himself to obey blindly the Ten Commandments of the A. M. A.

A factor quite as important in the present situation as the absolute power which the association possesses is the way that power is wielded.

Referring to the Washington situation, Thurman Arnold, Assistant Attorney General of the United States, relates that "even before Group Health Association had begun operation of its clinic, the local medical society and the American Medical Association made public attacks upon the ethics of the association and upon its legality and its financial soundness. At the same time, the medical society began expulsion proceedings against the association's doctors; these proceedings were based upon charges of 'unethical' conduct. . . .

"A striking example of the restrictions placed upon Group Health Association's doctors in securing consultations with other Washington physicians occurred in the case of a patient suffering from a serious heart ailment. The consulting specialist was instructed by an officer of the medical society that he could not consult with the attending association physician. It was, therefore, necessary for the patient to see the specialist alone and for the specialist to communicate his conclusions to the Group Health Association doctor by correspondence. . . .

"The close relationship existing between the medical society and the principal hospitals in Washington has resulted in denial to Group Health Association's physicians of access to hospital facilities in the District of Columbia. . . ."

The Attorney General's office quotes many similar activities on the part of the A. M. A. and its constituent bodies in other centers throughout the country.

THE legal question of whether such acts as have been described can be brought within the established interpretation of the Sherman Antitrust Act, or whether the federal government's claims will be thrown out of court on a technicality in the present action against the District of Columbia Medical Society, may be decided before these paragraphs appear. But it makes very little difference how the present litigation comes out, so far as the ultimate decision in the matter is concerned.

"A very simple principle is at stake," explains the modest president of the Washington group. "We merely claim the right to band together to safeguard our health and that of our families and to pay for medical care as a group. This is a right the medical society denies not only to us but to all other citizens. It is hardly conceivable that the nation long will be satisfied to accept this dictum of organized medicine, and the signs of revolt are already plainly apparent."

It is too bad, in a way, that the specter of state medicine, with all the political bitterness it provokes, should have arisen again at just this time to confuse both the medical and lay world as to the real issues at stake. In state medicine, doctors are employed by the government, citizens receive their services free, and expenses are met by taxation.

There was, as you may recall, a tremendous clamor over the proposal of last summer's much publicized Health Conference in Washington for the government's participation in the nation's health problem at the expense of the taxpayers. How this state medicine fight is going to come out, nobody knows, and nobody will know until the subject has been thrashed out in Congress.

But the fight between organized medicine and voluntary groups of doctors and patients who wish to work on the monthly payment plan—a fight

for
Head COLDS

ARE you at the mercy of a sniffly, sneezy, smothery head cold right now? Cheer up! A little Mentholatum, applied in each nostril, will soothe the irritated nasal membranes, help check the sneezing and relieve the stuffiness.

Also rub Mentholatum vigorously on the chest and back to stimulate sluggish circulation. You'll be grateful for Mentholatum's effective relief.

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Follow Noted Ohio Doctor's Advice To Feel "Tip-Top" In Morning!

If liver bile doesn't flow freely *every day* into your intestines—constipation with its headaches and that "half-alive" feeling often result. So step up that liver bile and see how much better you should feel! Just try Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets used so successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards for his patients with constipation and sluggish liver bile.

Olive Tablets being *purely vegetable,* are harmless. They not only stimulate bile flow to help digest fatty foods but also help elimination. Get a box TODAY. 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

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Why suffer with that rupture? Learn about my truss invention for reducible rupture. Automatic air cushion assists Nature to close the opening—has relieved thousands of men, women and children. No obnoxious springs or hard pads. No salves or plasters. **Sent on trial** to prove it. Beware of imitations. Never sold in stores. Write today for confidential information free in plain envelope.
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which has nothing to do with the state medicine fight—can be and should be settled without further delay.

The most important of the "principles" laid down by Dr. Morris Fishbein, editor of the A. M. A.'s Journal, and stemming, we are informed, from one Aesculapius, is that nothing or nobody should be allowed to come between the doctor and his patient. But this sentimental ideal of the personal relation with the doctor you know and who knows you, modern medical practice itself destroyed.

As I write, my wife lies in a hospital, convalescing from an operation for acute appendicitis. When she landed there in the middle of the night, a most competent hospital physician whom we had never seen before took immediate charge of the case. A white-robed technician performed a blood test and other chemistry experiments. Another technician took the X-ray. Chiefly on the strength of these technicians' quite impersonal reports, the equally impersonal hospital physician confirmed our own suspicions as to the nature of the malady.

When, in due course, the family doctor arrived, he examined the patient's chart, on which all these findings were clearly set forth, made an examination, confirmed the previous doctor's diagnosis, and very properly suggested calling a surgeon to perform the indicated operation.

In the operating room a sixth practitioner, whose name we also did not know until the bill came in, administered the anesthetic. And every day thereafter a seventh doctor has called daily to check on my wife's progress.

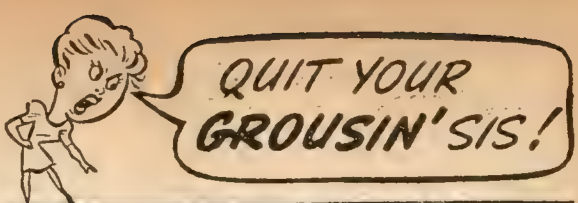
THAT, gentlemen of the A. M. A. oligarchy, with your passion for personal relationship between doctor and client, is modern medical practice. And I am grateful for it. My wife is getting well. But it is also something else. If it is not group medicine—that terrible thing which organized medicine is supposed to condemn—then my name is Charles Augustus Lindbergh.

The only difference is that, on the old sacrosanct fee-for-service basis, I now suddenly owe seven medicos several hundred dollars. If, under the modern co-operative plan, I had been paying from $2 to $5 a month against just such an emergency, I wouldn't owe them anything.

Perhaps I am prejudiced. But, personally and professionally speaking, I am of the opinion that it won't be long. The American *homo* may be hard to arouse, but once he becomes fully aware of a thoroughly illogical situation, he removes it. And if ever there was an illogical situation, this is it:

Life insurance? Yes.
Accident insurance? Yes.
Unemployment insurance? Yes.
Old-age insurance? Yes.
Hospital insurance? Yes.
Sickness insurance? No.
It just doesn't make sense!

THE END


QUIT YOUR GROUSIN'SIS!

Poisonous FATIGUE ACIDS make Muscles SORE!

For Quick Relief:
—Flush them out!

NO USE COMPLAINING about sore, creaky muscles! Just rout those poisonous fatigue acids that make your muscles ache and throb. **Absorbine Jr.** will do the trick! Accepted laboratory tests proved it speeds the blood through muscles to flush out the acids. Works fast to limber you up. **Splash it on** after heavy work and 2 or 3 times a day. At all druggists, $1.25 a bottle.

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FAMOUS also for Athlete's Foot—Sprains—Bruises

ABSORBINE JR.

DOESN'T SHE LOOK *stunning?*

YES—AND I THOUGHT SHE KEPT *out of sight* BECAUSE OF—

PSORIASIS

Do you deny yourself the pleasures of social gatherings for the same reason? Then why not give SIROIL a chance? SIROIL has been the means of relieving thousands of similar embarrassments. It tends to remove the crusts and scales of psoriasis and relieve other of its discomforts. If or when your psoriasis lesions recur, light applications of SIROIL will help keep them under control. Applied externally, SIROIL does not stain clothing or bed linen—nor does it interfere in any way with your daily routine. Offered to you on a two weeks satisfaction-or-money-refunded basis. Avoid imitations.

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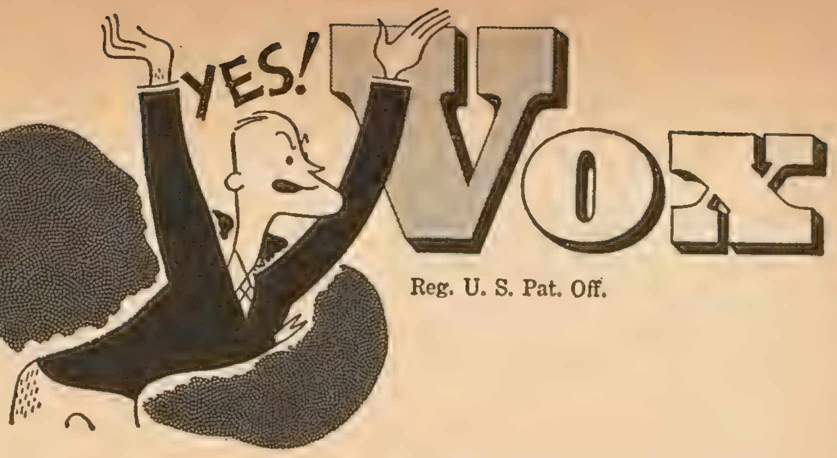
SIROIL—AT ALL DRUG STORES



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

NEARLY DROWNED

GAINESVILLE, FLA.—In the early winter of 1902 I was employed on river and harbor work at Oswego, New York. I had been around the water all of my life and had become a good boatman, but this day I was a thousand feet out on raging Lake Ontario, battered by the strong wind, the waves, and the Oswego River current, and it freezing in addition. And I had lost an oar, though a spare set was in the bottom of the boat.

As I was exhausted, I realized my extreme danger, and so I stood up in the skiff and looked toward the shore in the direction of the lifesaving station, but soon realized the utter futility of attempting to signal in any way, for I would certainly be dashed against the rocks on the east shore before any assistance could reach me if I were seen. I fully surrendered to the fact that I was lost; but I then resolved that if I must die I would die fighting. It may appear unbelievable that I stood up in the small skiff under these conditions; but as considerable of my work had been done in small boats while standing, I exercised no particular skill in standing, even in the rough water.

By this time I was fully a half mile out beyond the breakwater. I secured an extra oar and began rowing again. I rowed like a demon and prayed like a saint. I could not pray while I rowed, as it took all of my breath to pull, but I prayed while I was taking the recovery stroke. I would pull and then pray, pull and pray, pull and pray, like the ticktock of the old family clock. I believe I prayed harder than I pulled, and I know that I pulled harder than ever before in my life. I kept up the pulling and praying for I don't know how long—possibly half an hour. And, believe it or not, my oars never slipped out of the locks again, even though the locks were coated with ice. Finally I reached the end of the breakwater and turned behind it, and in another fifteen minutes was at the dock. I threw the painter around a spike, crawled out, and fell in a faint upon the dock.

I will leave for you the answer to this question: After being exhausted in body, and fully surrendered unto death, *where* did I get the additional strength to carry me safely to shore? And: Why did not my oars slip again, as they had in the icy rowlocks before I prayed? It is impossible that imagination or superstition can be the answer to this question.

It will be very easy for one to say: " Well, the boy was simply scared." But after thirty-five years of service on river and harbor work in all its phases, I believe I should be trusted to decide when it is time to become scared and when not to become scared. And I was *scared.*

My only object in relating this experience is to encourage others to believe in prayer and have faith. Since that date I have been a man of prayer.—*W. W. Fineren.*

NO ROOM

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—Why don't you put a copy of Liberty in a time tube which will be opened 5,000 years hence? If there's room, throw in your presses, offices, buildings, and authors, too.—*B. B.*

HAPPY CAROLYN

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I do thank you for the darling bouquet you threw me in January 14 Vox Pop. It is not often I get a hand so truly acceptable and pleasure-giving. I thank you a lot.

To my mind, Mr. Talbott is just a mite too precise in his diction. He ought to know that when a woman says *everybody,* she means several, or quite a few, or maybe a modicum, or divers, or sundry, or, as Sentimental Tommy decided, a hantle. But I'll try to err less often.

And I think everybody enjoys Lenz' stories even if they never play anything but Russian bank.—*Carolyn Wells.*

MR. HOUGH'S HAT

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Obviously you are not aware of the fact that there are also a few ladies who read your magazine. We deeply resent your utter lack of respect for us in the December 24 issue. Ain't you got no broughten up?

In the future, when introducing a gentleman writer, won't you please remove his hat for our sake? The photo I refer to is that of Donald Hough.

Such useless and uninteresting information as to where and why he was born can be omitted as well as the hat. What we ladies really would like to know is his age, height, weight, color of his eyes and hair—if he has any hair. Being ladies, we are naturally rather curious.

Hereafter, if you could also give us a rough estimate of the introducee's financial status and what other valuable assets or collateral he possesses, it would, I assure you, satisfy our curiosity entirely.—*C. F. Spannbauer.*

WHERE IS THAT LAKE ?

BARNSTABLE, MASS. — The article Home-Town Sucker Makes Good, by Frederick L. Collins (January 7-14 Liberty), is a humdinger of a story, but is it fact or fiction?

If fact, would Mr. Collins kindly tell us the name of the lake that the Daytona Beach Country Club is on and which the launch crossed at full speed from where?

Some writers can be so confusing!—*Arthur W. Tonks.*

FAKE JEWELRY

LOUISVILLE, KY.—Insertion of foreign words for color in fiction is a nuisance to the uninitiated at the best. When, as in Voice of the Mountain, by George Peck (January 14 Liberty), the " local color " is insisted upon with twelve citations, most of them malappropriate or ungrammatical, the practice, irksome to the ignorant, is offensive to the conversant.

It can be fitly compared to the display of fake jewelry: bad taste and, oh, so unnecessary!—*E. W. Pica.*

WHO CARES ?

CHICAGO, ILL.—The finding in Siberia of the well preserved flesh of prehistoric mammoths, kept by nature on ice for unnumbered centuries or tens of centuries, has an obvious meaning to any one who has worked around the freezers of a modern packing plant. At zero, agents of Uncle Sam's navy insist that the already pre-chilled meat shall be laid out (on racks covered by special paper) in small hunks on the floor in the alleys and fans turned on. To kill and preserve equally a mighty mammoth must have required a precipitate, forced, and absolutely permanent change of temperature and climate, at first of probably 100° and never after thawing out.

A cold ice-capped subplanet or cosmic snowball, or an ice cap from some exploded planet, must have struck the earth and turned its axis, at the same time refrigerating everything around it.

The causes of ice ages are said to be unknown. I submit that what I outline was the cause.—*H. Closz.*

HEILING AND GOOSE-STEPPING

SPRINGFIELD, ORE. — The editorial in January 7 Liberty was very good and to the point. We have these groups of Nazi, Fascist, Communist, and Japanese spies, etc., Bund conventions, Fascist and Communist parades, raising their arms in salute to Hitler and Mussolini brazenly on our streets; heiling and goose-stepping in our public places —even on the screen.

Why don't we real Americans do something about it? I have a good idea. We could use WPA funds this year to build concentration camps in each state, of sufficient size to hold all the enemies of this government that happen to be in these states. We could build them near our penitentiaries and use them for first offenders and relieve overcrowded pens. These boys could be trained as guards.

We probably wouldn't hear any more ranting about our government.—*A. G. Enright.*

MR. WELLS FORGOT

GLASTONBURY, CONN.—Mr. H. G. Wells' map of Europe for 1949 (January 21 Liberty) seems to be incomplete. He forgot to put in a new country to be called Ukrainia. Mr. Wells should realize that sometime in the near future the forty-nine million Ukrainians in Europe under Russia, Poland, and Rumania are bound to gain independence from oppressors and rule their own lands.

There will be no Soviet Russia, as Communism is proving to be a failure. Instead there will spring up new countries with democratic governments. Some of these new countries will be Ukrainia, Armenia, White Russia, and Gregoria.—*Wallace Solarz.*

WORSE FATE?

SAN JOSE, CALIF.—I agree with Mr. James V. Bennett's answer to Six-Time Loser (December 10 Liberty) in which he says the greatest weakness of our prison system is its effect upon inmates after their release. Every official knows that no matter how completely a man may have reformed while in prison, his opportunity of re-establishing himself is almost beyond human ability.

I feel that we must recognize the failure of the whole prison idea and turn to a wider use of probation and localized jail farms as the most effective means of dealing with the problem discussed in Mr. Bennett's article. I agree that society should establish means of assisting an ex-convict to become a useful citizen, but this is easy to say and extremely difficult to accomplish.

We have had too much education from certain sources which have given the public the impression that every man who has been sent to prison is a dangerous criminal for the rest of his life.—*Max Watson, Adult Probation Officer.*

CORRIGAN PULSE

NAPLES, N. Y.—The articles by Wrong-Way Corrigan were greatly enjoyed, but this mistaken direction may be caused by what in medical circles is known as Corrigan pulse, an abnormality in which the incomplete closure of the aortic valve allows blood to flow backward into the heart. It was named after Dr. D. J. Corrigan (1802-1880), who lived in Dublin.—*Mrs. C. H. Misel.*

NEW SHADOW

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Congratulations—in behalf of my anti-administration friends—on your "lengthening shadow of government" map (January 14 Vox Pop) showing some 60 or 65 per cent of our area blacked out to represent a cost of $17,743,000,000 for operating the government in 1937. I do not have 1937 income figures at hand, but using the present figure of $60,000,000,000, I find the proportion to be 29.167 per cent, and *not* 60 to 65 per cent as intimated by your chart.

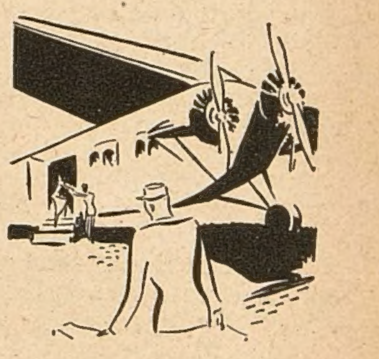
Now, in the interest of my New Deal acquaintances, how about showing a map with the sun at the east and the shadow falling over $17,743,000,000 of Eastern States income? That would be a much smaller area—as unfair in the opposite direction as is the present offering in its attitude; but it would compensate somewhat for your original disregard of net veracity.

May I offer that the publication which loses the confidence of its readers does not long thereafter retain its prestige or hold its following?—*Robert L. Jones.*

EASY ENOUGH

SEYMOUR, WIS.—Why don't you publish *when* you broadcast Liberty Short Shorts? No chance of us ever hearing them unless you do.—*Clarence Techlin.*

[We give you the stations and ask you to see your newspapers for the time. The latter is impossible for us to give, owing to our going to press several weeks ahead of radio schedules.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

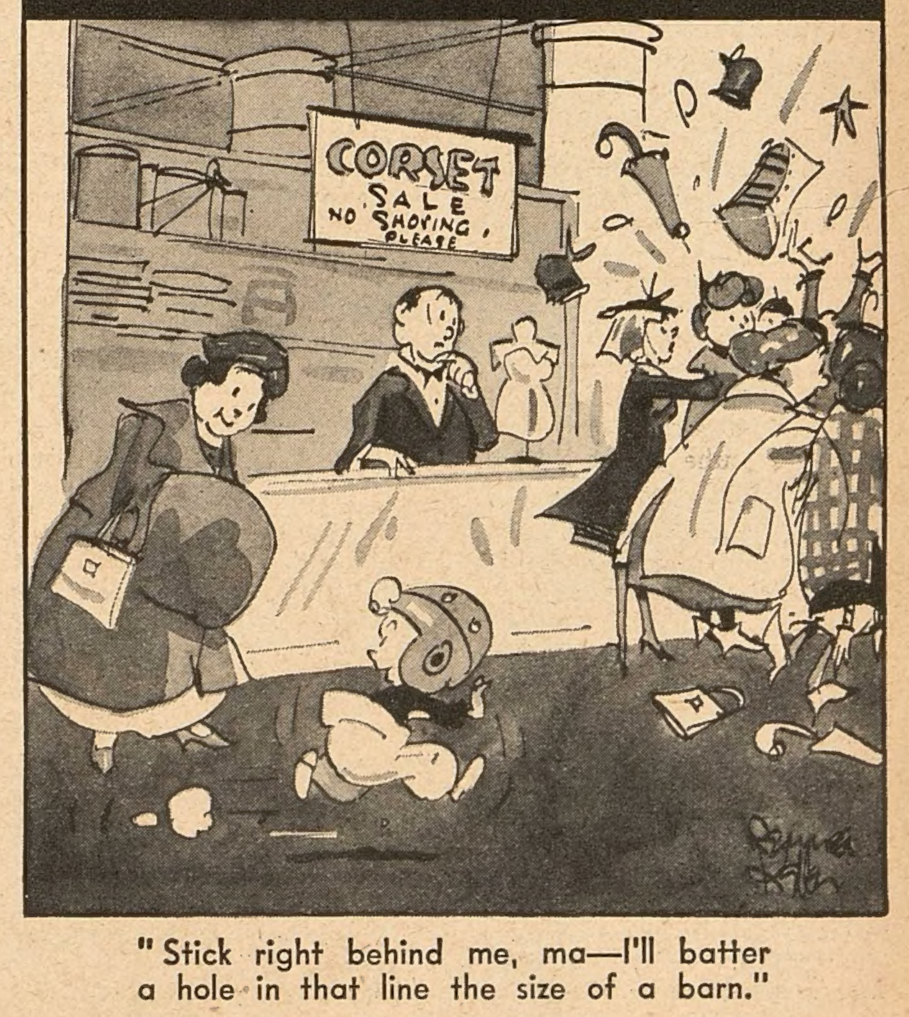


THE OCTOPUS

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.—Tentacles of the giant octopus, the New Deal, are reaching out to get hold of every man, woman, and child in America to the point where no one will be free except those who are riding a high horse within the realm of the bureaucracy, which the New Deal is—nothing more or less.

Your editorials are excellent. If other periodicals will fight this thing with the wisdom, sagacity, and fearlessness that Liberty is now doing, it may be that we may yet save the Constitution, the greatest document ever penned by mortal man.—*A. Ellis Goodloe, M. D.*

"HARDTACK"



"Stick right behind me, ma—I'll batter a hole in that line the size of a barn."

A Fighting Irishman Defends a Good Woman

NOT TO KEEP you in suspense, the fighting Irishman is that sage of satire, that bearded bravo of bellicose beatitudes, that refined ragamuffin of radicalism, Bernard Shaw. The good woman may officially be called a lady, although her friends still call her Nancy, once the lovely Nancy Langhorne of Virginia, who married Waldorf of England and became Lady Astor, the most interrupting lady member that Parliament ever knew. Next week, Bernard Shaw, fighting Irishman, defends Nancy Astor, good woman, against certain remarks made in these pages a few weeks ago by your own Frederick L. Collins—and thereby hangs a tale. . . . Mr. Collins, as you probably remember, wrote us an article called Why Did Hitler Give Lindbergh a Medal? In this article he told about Lady Astor and the so-called Cliveden set. Bernard Shaw, who as a liberal with both common and uncommon sense is naturally the type that reads Liberty, perused the Collins article with misgivings. By his own testimony, Shaw was filled with admiration for Collins' literary skill and complete sincerity. But Shaw, as a frequent visitor at Cliveden, the country home of Lady Astor, felt with some justice that he had special information; so, with great good temper and a fine Irish chivalry, together with a feeling of the importance of the discussion and the need for Americans to understand the situation, Shaw sat himself down and wrote one of the handsomest pieces it has ever been our good fortune to publish. Whatever you miss next week, don't miss Bernard Shaw's answer to Frederick L. Collins. It will be one of the unforgettable articles of 1939. . . . You will agree with us, we feel sure, that next week Liberty will give you in other ways, too, an unforgettable issue. The world, we hope, will never forget Amelia Earhart; and next week we begin the publication of her biography, written by one who knew her better than any one else in the world, perhaps better even than she ever knew herself—her husband, George Palmer Putnam. He brings you LADY WITH WINGS, the Life Story of My Wife. The story begins on their wedding day, with a vivid and dramatic episode. On the morning that Amelia Earhart entered marriage, she wrote her husband a letter. We do not in the slightest exaggerate when we say that every woman will be startled to read that intimate document. Some may even be shocked. But all must admire its courageous forthrightness. The story of this brave flyer is told simply and beautifully. . . . Martha Ostenso has a gracious and moving short story, LAST YEAR'S NEST; and you will also enjoy Sidney S. Lenz's HIGH STAKES, and MARCIA KEEPS A DATE, by Richard Hoffmann. . . . Perhaps you've heard that the U. S. Army is waking up--that modern methods, modern equipment, modern industrial hook-ups are being quietly introduced and effectively pushed? It's true; and it's due mostly to one man. You'll read about him next week in Herbert Corey's THE SECRET SHAKE-UP IN THE U. S. ARMY. . . . THE " NOTHING BALL " NO ONE CAN HIT is an interesting baseball piece by Royal Brougham. Ruth Waterbury tells you The Private Life of Cary Grant, and you will not want to miss TO PARENTS: A TEACHER'S CHALLENGE, by Haydn S. Pearson. . . . Speaking of Frederick L. Collins, as we were a little while ago, we don't think you should be deprived of a little episode from that hard-working writer's private life. During the holidays, Mrs. Collins was recovering from a serious operation in a Boston hospital. Mr. Collins decided that on the festive morning they should drink a holiday toast in vintage champagne. So he made elaborate arrangements with the wine steward of his hotel, and about eleven o'clock that morning he started off, rather heavily laden, for the hospital. In one hand Mr. Collins carried a bucket of ice in which was buried the festive bottle. In the other hand he carried a bundle containing carefully packed champagne glasses. Under his arms were other packages of holiday remembrance. Of course Mr. Collins had intended to ride in a taxicab, but unfortunately there was a big holiday parade in Boston that morning, and it was much simpler to walk. The parade was just over, and the streets as well as the sidewalks were filled with thousands of spectators—babies and mothers and children of all sizes, ages, and colors. The air was filled with the cries of peddlers selling pennants and baubles, especially balloons. In spite of his heavily laden condition, Frederick's eyes sparkled at the sight of these colored balloons—green and orange, red, blue, and yellow. The thought came to him that they would add a merry note to his wife's hospital room. So, with great difficulty, he put down his bundles and purchased a full dozen of balloons in assorted colors. He grasped the long cords in his fist, managed to reassemble his impedimenta, and again started off slowly through the throng. He had walked not more than a block, when the insistent tooting of an auto horn made him look around. To his surprise, he saw a group of people in a splendid limousine waving at him frantically. " Oh, my! " thought Fred. " Friends of mine, no doubt." So he stopped and smiled his famous friendly smile. The car stopped too; the door was flung open and a man rushed toward him with extended hands. As the man came nearer, Fred saw that he held a quarter at his finger tips. And the man said, " I'll take a red one! "

* * *

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty—*for Liberals with Common Sense*

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL

Waste, Waste Everywhere—Ruinous, Destructive, Terrible Bernarr Macfadden 3

SHORT STORIES

Lover, Come Back—.................... Devery Freeman 8
Pilots Don't Cry.......................... Richard Powell 24
They're Coming for Me Tomorrow—Liberty's Short Short C. T. Donnelly 44

SERIALS

I Married a Nazi—Part III................ Oscar Schisgall 16
Dark Soul: The Secret of Coster-Musica's Crimes—Conclusion Frederick L. Collins in collaboration with William Healy, M. D. 33
Rehearsal for Love—Part VII................ Faith Baldwin 38

ARTICLES

Swastika Over Canada.......................... " Envoy " 4
Can We Really Be Free?.......................... H. G. Wells 6
Include Love Out.................... William C. de Mille 12
Bargain Basement for the Soul........... Sylvia G. Dreyfus 14
Send Brains to Prison!................ George E. Hargrave 29
Saved by a Miracle—The Story of a Dying Baby Edward Doherty 45
Cupid Gets the Gong........................ Fred Allhoff 47
Minority Report on the " White Peril "........ Jay Franklin 51
How the Medical Trust Victimizes the Average Man Frederick Lewis 53

FEATURES

To the Ladies by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, 23; Movie Reviews by Beverly Hills, 31; Twenty Questions, 32; $2,000 Crossword Contest, 50; Vox Pop, 56.

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COVER BY DAN OSHER

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